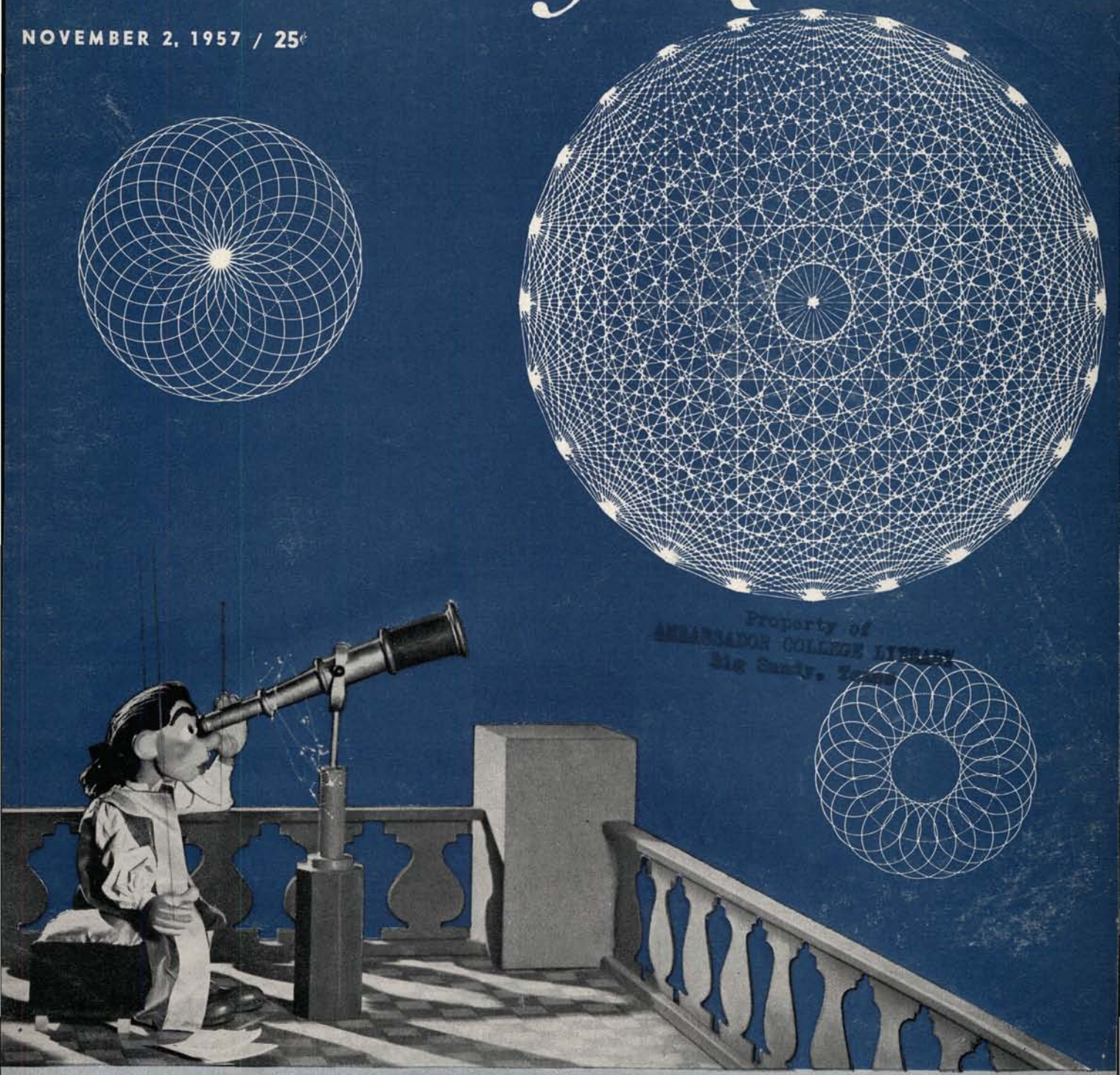
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 2, 1957 / 25¢



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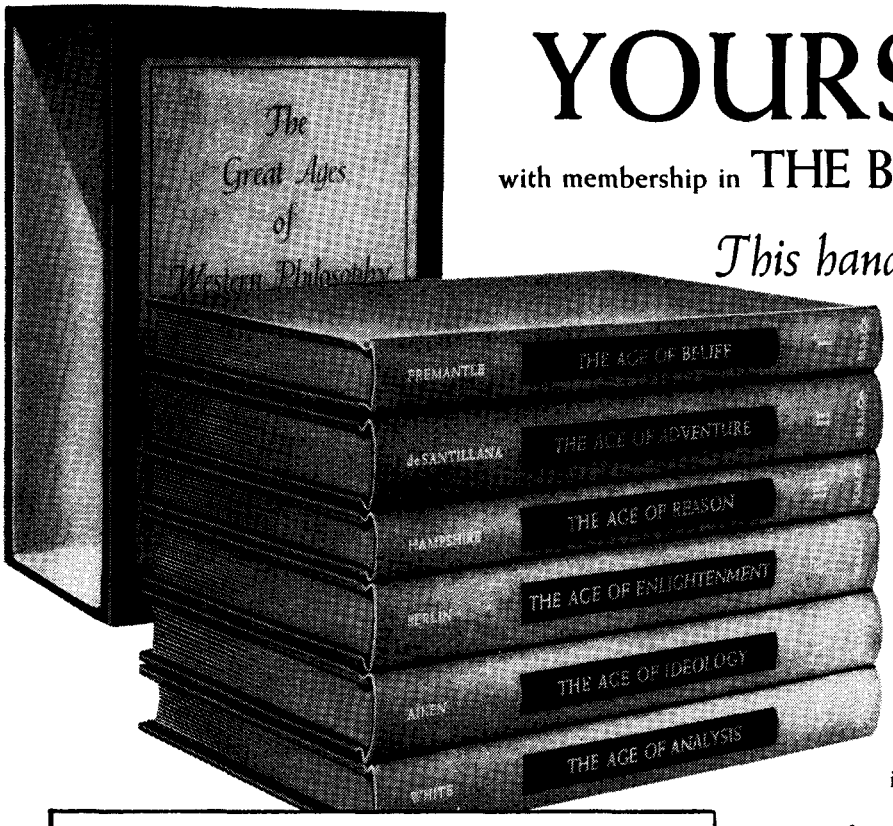
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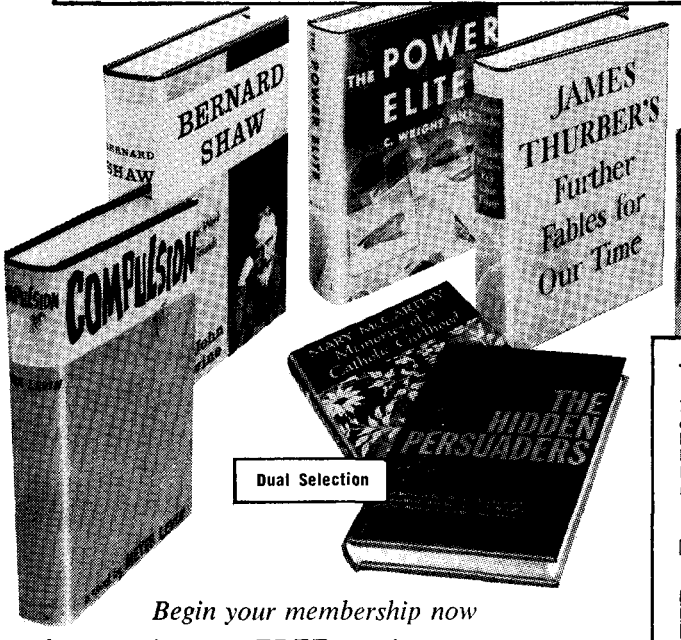

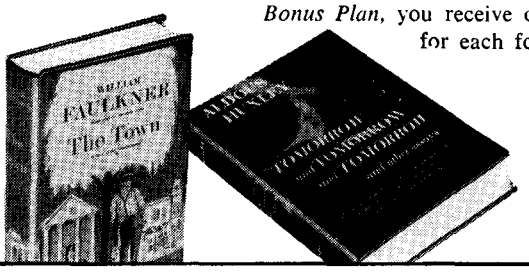

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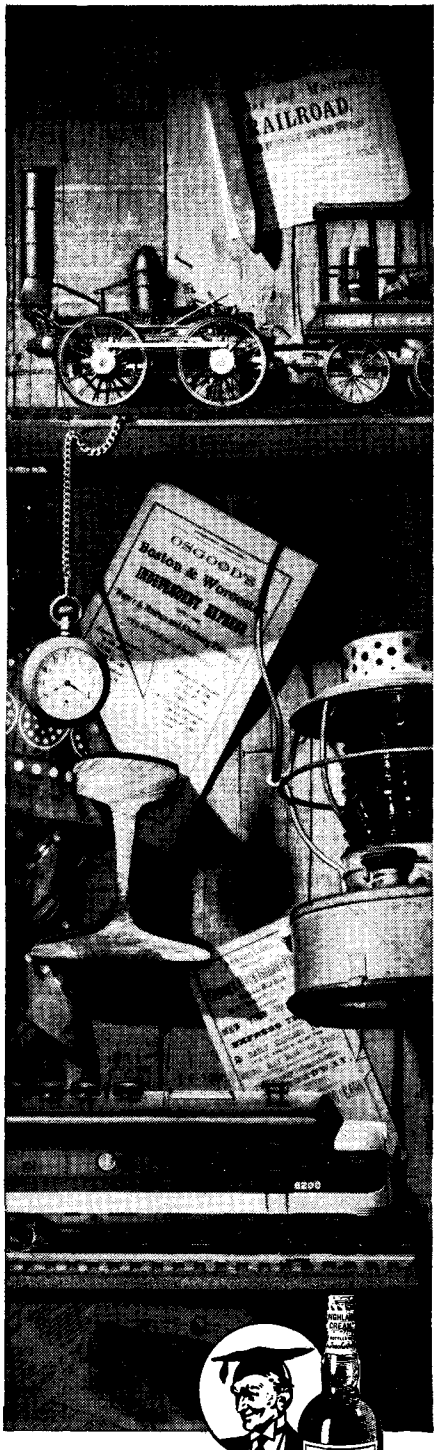

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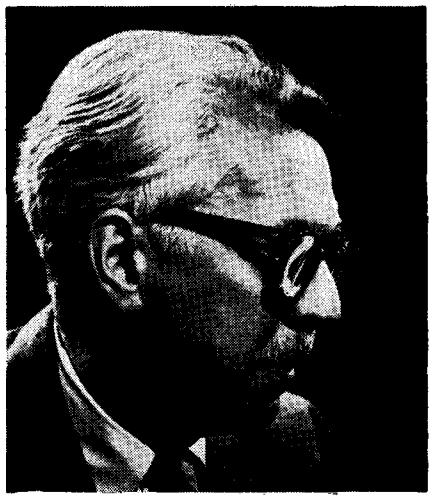
The man who reads dictionaries



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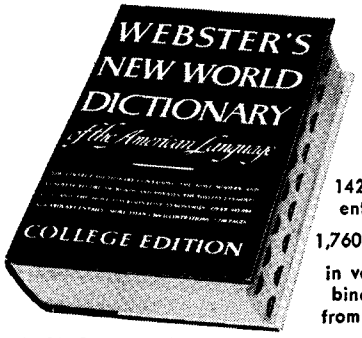

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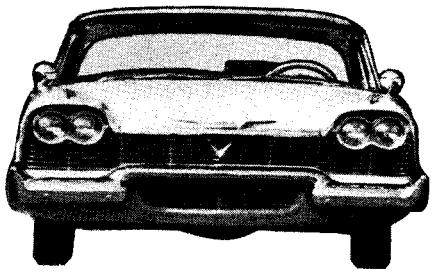

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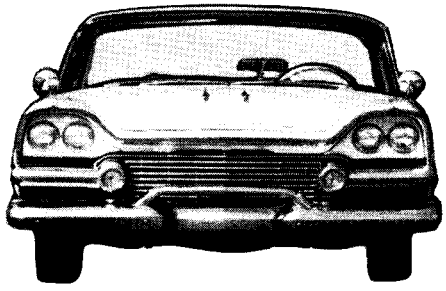

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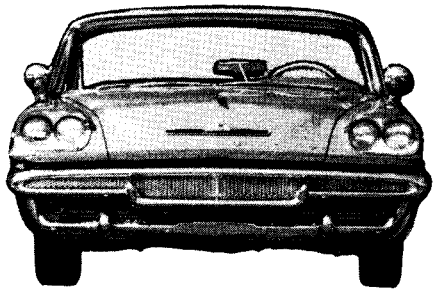

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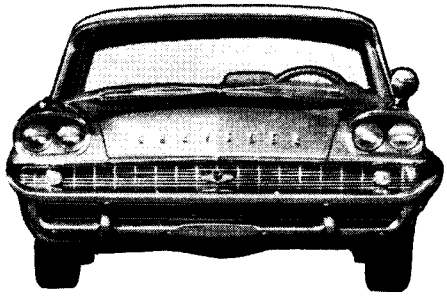

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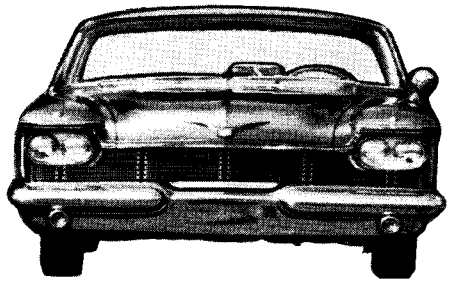

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TRADE Winds

AT THE AGE OF NINETY-TWO, Edward Payson Dutton sat down to breakfast at precisely 8 A.M. The year was 1922. With him was a gentleman by the name of John Macrae who had come to New York from Virginia with the rare faculty of knowing how to build a fire in a fireplace without having it smoke. Also with him was a younger man, Elliott Macrae, fresh from the parade grounds of VMI, and already chafing to begin his first day at work in the Rare Book Department of the bookstore which at that time was an integral part of the publishing house known as E. P. Dutton and Co.

Though none of the men at breakfast knew it at the time, it was the last time that the three presidents of Dutton would be sitting together at one table. John Macrae (the former office-boy who was brought to the attention of Mr. Dutton by his non-smoking fires) went on to become president when Mr. Dutton died shortly afterward. Elliott Macrae, his son, assumed the presidency on the death of his father in 1944. In these days of the revolving-door policy for corporate executives, it is something of a record for a company 105 years old to have had only three presidents.

Elliott Macrae can claim to be the first president of Dutton without a beard. He is also the first one with a college degree. And he is undoubtedly the first one who keeps a full-scale shillelagh on hand for his editorial meetings—along with a diamond stickpin, which is brought out at certain times at certain meetings to remind everyone that once a manuscript is turned down it is lost irretrievably.

THE STORY OF THE STICKPIN is a story which can be repeated about any publisher in the profession. A manuscript by the title of "The Prisoner of Zenda" landed on the editorial desk of Dutton those many years ago, and since novels weren't selling very well in those days it was passed along to Henry Holt. The sales of the book, of course, skyrocketed under the Holt imprint. With a touch of ironic gratitude, Holt sent Dutton the stickpin as a gift, with thanks for the manuscript. Mr. Dutton passed it along to John Macrae, who in turn has passed it along to Elliott as a Grim Reminder that haste in the rejection of an MS. can lead to futile self-recrimination.

Poetic justice has been rescued to some extent, however, because Dutton is this year reissuing "Zenda"—a fitting honor for the stickpin and its symbolic value throughout the long years.

ELLIOTT MACRAE, THE PRESENT president of Dutton, has the capacity of making many serious decisions in a dentist's chair—or going to sleep in one. Perhaps this ability to yawn in the face of danger is symptomatic of his frequent willingness to go out on a limb in the publishing world.

"I guess you could call it the 'courage of ignorance'," is the way Mr. Macrae puts it.

In July 1943 Macrae was faced with one of these decisions, one which would certainly make a dentist's chair seem like a Barca lounger. It was the day before the publication of John Roy Carlson's "Under Cover"—the book which exposed the entire picture of the Nazi and Fascist activity in the country. Macrae knew that his legal consultants would cringe with terror at the names blasted by the book, even though they were thoroughly checked for accuracy. As a result, he had not had his lawyers look at anything but the finished printed product. There was little they could do at this moment, for the ink was dry. He received a call from an attorney of one of the most prominent newspaper publishers in America, mentioned in the book, with the quiet reminder: "Just wanted to let you know I'm in town." Two of the major book distributors in the business told Macrae flatly that they could not afford to take the risk of even distributing the book. Booksellers over the entire country began to get shaky, until Macrae finally agreed to indemnify them for any legal losses brought on by the sale of the book.

A newspaper reporter interviewing Macrae asked: "If only 100 booksellers throughout the country were successfully sued, how much would you have to put out?"

"About 10 million dollars, at $100,000 apiece," said Macrae.

"Do you have that much in the till?" asked the reporter.

"Nope—but we're going ahead anyway," said Macrae.

He did. The results: 650,000 copies sold. One law suit lost. Total collected from Dutton: One dollar.

THE PASSING OF THE presidential torch from Dutton to Macrae to Macrae

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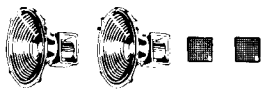

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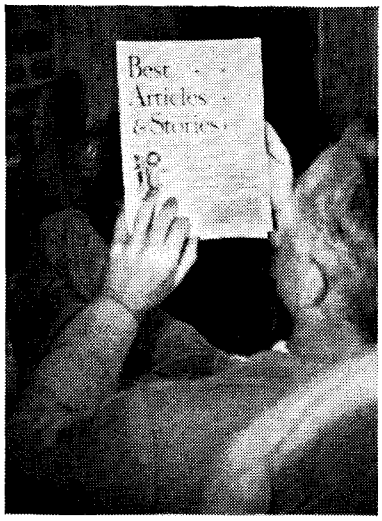

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Arnold Bennett, Mary Webb, Max Beerbohm, Van Wyck Brooks, A. A. Milne (the new collection of the Pooh stories has a print order of 50,000), Samuel Butler, Pirandello, Marchette Chute, and B. J. Chute are only a few from the house which has published such books as "The Flowering of New England," "Far Away and Long Ago," "The Four Horsemen," "The Story of San Michele," "The Way of All Flesh," "Precious Bane," "Greenwillow," "The Conquest of Everest," "Bonjour Tristesse"—and in contrast, a considerable number of volumes by Mickey Spillane.

A COMPARATIVELY RECENT Dutton author is Al Morgan. "The Great Man" lashed out at the television industry with bitter rancor. His new "Cast of Characters" rips into the belly of Hollywood with a fine-edged scalpel. It has been said of Morgan that he has never had a "nice" character in either of his books, and that his typewriter is really just a remodeled howitzer.

In fact, Morgan is essentially a softhearted sentimentalist, with a sharp wit and a rapid pen. He has written as many as seventy-five pages on one day, every lethal word trying desperately to cover up a heart as soft as a grape. As a former colleague of Morgan's, we spent three years in nearly every state in the Union with him writing and producing television remotes for NBC. His typical gesture on arriving in some remote city in the country was to go to the hotel room window, look out, and say: "Can you tell me—in this best of all possible worlds—what in the hell we're doing *here?*"

He has an impossible weakness for telephones. We have seen him talk away at least five full-length novels on the phone, lying on a hotel bed for as much as two hours on one conversation. He is a natural-born, benevolent con-man, his favorite hobby once being doubletalking some rather unwary television producers out of making changes in a script.

He once persuaded a Washington D. C. fire marshal to wait one hour to see if the television cables from the NBC remote truck could be fixed to meet regulations—knowing that in one hour the show would be completed and off the air.

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a weekend, he talked an entire Legion Post band into squeezing into the woodshed, then letting go with a Sousa march without warning. After the band had marched through the house, then disappeared into the thick of the woods, we demanded to know where he found a band in this remote place. "*What* band?" he said. And—as we began to doubt our own mind—it took two hours before he would break down and admit a band had been there.

Once, on preparing to go to Philadelphia, he said: "I was there one time, but it was closed."

He has been able to milk dry every novel he has written: "The Great Man" became a screenplay, which he wrote based on the novel. Two chapters of "Cast of Characters" were sold as short stories, two are coming up as the basis for major TV dramatic shows. The book about television, of course, was snubbed by that medium, but accepted by the movies. In turn, his book about Hollywood is being snubbed by the movies, and used by television. Some of his friends have asked him if he isn't writing himself out of the country. This was just before he was preparing to vacation on Cape Cod, and he said:

"I'm giving Cape Cod two weeks to get out of town."

At the moment, he has just completed the book for the Broadway musical "Captain's Paradise," which José Ferrer will direct this winter.

His pseudo-satirical crust and essential softness underneath are never more transparent than when he talks about his youngsters. He has three: Pancho, twelve; Jo-Jo, seven; and Amy, two and a half.

"Funny thing happened with Amy the other night," he said. "She asked me to sing a good night song for her, and I obliged with 'I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face.' Next night she called me to her bed, and said: 'Daddy—will you sing I've-thrown-a-crust-into-your-face'?"

—John C. Fuller.

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What's made living more fun

THAN IT WAS 80 YEARS AGO?

Would you say *Electricity?* It's certainly done wonders toward increasing our earning power, shortening our working week, and removing drudgery through power equipment.

How about *Engines*—all kinds, steam and internal combustion? Before the engine took over, industry was pretty much confined to a water wheel on a river bank, and travel was at the mercy of wind and animal power. Engines let cities grow in a desert, and ribboned the nation with paved roads.

Or maybe the *Typesetting Machine,* which made books and magazines really amazingly low-priced, has done as much as anything to better living conditions? It certainly helped spread education, and gave the poor man his chance.

But this progress was possible only after steel was made plentiful and inexpensive. Only 80 years ago people knew steel mainly as needles and knives. But the average consumption of steel has jumped in 80 years from virtually nothing to 1400 pounds of steel every year for every man, woman, child, and newborn infant in this country. And with every additional pound, up goes our standard of living.

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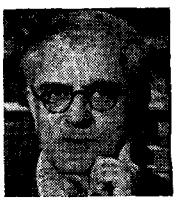
The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 2, 1957

ELIZABETH II's TRIBUTE TO ELIZABETH I



One of the first Elizabeth's most ardent champions is A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, poet, Cornwall specialist, historian, and lecturer (now in the United States). His most recent books are "The England of Elizabeth," "The Expansion of Elizabethan England," and a two-volume history of the Churchill family.

By A. L. ROWSE

QUEEN ELIZABETH II's stop at Jamestown ten days ago, the first event on her now-concluded state-visit, was a very proper recognition of the cardinal importance of the first abiding settlement out of which was to come the United States of America. The Queen, of course, is the direct descendant of King James I, for whom Jamestown was named. But her own name served to bring home no less the work that was done by her namesake and predecessor, Elizabeth I—the most famous woman-ruler in history—who was deeply interested in everything that concerned America.

We are beginning to appreciate better now that the nineteenth-century emphasis on New England, with the *Mayflower* and the Pilgrims as the beginning of everything in America, is historically inaccurate and does less than justice to the richness and diversity of origins of the nation. The truth is that the American nation is the product of the flowing together of two original streams, of which the Virginian is the earlier. Virginia was the mother-colony of the South, as Massachusetts was in the North, from which flowed other streams carrying their ways of life, their social forms and institutions, adapting them to different circumstances to form new societies in North and South alike.

It is the differences that are fascinating. Divergence, held within bounds, makes for creativeness. Virginia represented the normal tradition of Elizabethan society, accepting Church and King without question, orthodox and conservative; and therefore, when the Civil War came to England, royalist in sentiment, hostile to Cromwell's Puritan rule. Virginia was wholly rural, a country of small farmers originally as contrasted with the townships so important in New England, with their town meetings. This made for *political* democracy early, a more radical strain, especially considering that a large section of New England Puritans were separatists, opposed to the established order of Church and King.

But Virginia was no less determined on *self-government* than New England, and from the beginning. After the end of the paternal government, the directing hand of the Virginia Company, the colony was determined that it should not be reimposed. The settlers from Jamestown were as much set as any New England Puritans on going their own way. It is not surprising that when the Revolution came Virginia should join with New England in leadership: the two streams came together to make the American nation. Hence the creative diversity, the richness and variety—and also the tensions, sometimes tragic, but also fertilizing: for such is the law, the nature of life.

But Virginia's contribution is earlier by at least a generation—I should say, by two generations. For here is another new point of historical importance. We understand far better today that Virginia goes back further than Scotch James I (he didn't do much except contribute his name to Jamestown); it goes back to Elizabethan days and to the great Queen who did so much to back up her seamen and their colonial enterprises. We now realize that Jamestown was directly continuous with the earlier efforts on Roanoke Island, was based on their experience, tried to profit from their lessons and carry on where they left off.

WHAT exactly did Elizabeth I do for America?

Her prime contribution was political and diplomatic. All her life, as Queen of England, she fought for the principle of the open door for settlement in North America. She never ceased to contest the Spanish claim to a monopoly of the New World; she insisted that only effective occupation gave any right to territory: what was not occupied by the Spaniards was free for others. She gave her West Country seamen and promoters of colonial enterprise her unvarying, and very effective, support—lying valiantly and diplomatically on their behalf when necessary, and putting force behind them where all else failed.

The decisive difference she made can be seen from the contrast afforded by the weak Valois monarchs and

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Catherine de Medici in France. The French were before the English in the New World; but because their rulers failed to back them up the French crumpled up before Spanish force, their settlements destroyed. Elizabeth I would never give in. She fought a twenty-year long war with Spain, partly on this issue; and she would not make peace so long as Spain would not acknowledge the open door to North America. The future of English-speaking America was at stake. When the great Queen died in 1603 she still had not made peace with Spain. Four years later Jamestown was founded.

But her part in all this was more direct still. She invested in seagoing voyages to the New World; and she contributed ships. She gave Gilbert his patent for colonization and settlement, and when he went down in the Atlantic she gave her backing to Raleigh in his efforts. Actually it was the grants, the funds she gave Raleigh for his services that enabled him to make his attempts. She supported Richard Hakluyt, the great propagandist for and promoter of American enterprise—to whom American colonization owes more than perhaps to any other individual and to whom we are certainly indebted for most of what we know about it. Constantly involved, continually interested, she gave her name to Virginia. To the Elizabethans that meant the whole of North America.

Jamestown was continuous with the earlier attempts in the 1580s on Roanoke: it was the last in the series, the one that took root from which all else flowered. In this series the crucial experiment was the first colony of 1585-6, prepared by Raleigh and planted by his cousin Sir Richard Grenville. For it was that colony of about 100 men, who remained on American soil for a year, that gathered the information as to conditions of life on the American continent on which subsequent colonists built.

Among those men were two of great significance for America. Thomas Hariot was a foremost scientist of the age; a mathematician and astronomer, he was one of Raleigh's closest friends, with whom he was in intellectual sympathy. Based on the notes and observations he took during that year, Hariot wrote his "Brief and True Report of Virginia." This is a model of scientific and anthropological investigation, describing the flora and fauna, the natural history, the climate, the ways and customs of Indian life. This first classic contribution of the English to knowledge of America remained the standard authority up to the eighteenth century. The colonists at Jamestown based themselves on it. Perhaps the most famous, as it is the first, of American books, a first edition that now rarely ever turns up is worth a fortune.

Professor Wesley F. Craven, in his fine book "The Southern Colonies in the Seventeenth Century," tells us that the influence of this brief book—in what it has to say about commodities for trade, problems of food supply and marketable staples, the overriding importance of Indian relations—"is to be followed through many subsequent chapters in the history of Virginia."

Then, John White, the artist and cartographer, made a number of watercolor drawings of American plants and fishes, above all of the Indians, their wigwams, villages, costumes, and types—all illustrating native customs and way of life. Some of these drawings, published with a Latin translation at Frankfort, depicted the New World to the Old. White's figures became the standard decoration for maps, and his portraits served as the conventional representation of the North American Indian for centuries. His maps of the North Carolina coast remained the most reliable for several generations.

Altogether we may conclude with Professor Craven that the Roanoke program, essentially designed by Hakluyt, put into execution by Raleigh, and modified by the Roanoke experience "still guided the men who later at Jamestown accomplished the first permanent English settlement."

WHAT then was the difference between these earlier Elizabethan attempts and Jamestown, which ultimately succeeded? I should first make the point that if it had not been for the long war with Spain it is probable that the Elizabethan attempts would have been pushed home, and the Chesapeake settlement have been made earlier. The tradition of the Lost Colony—John White's of 1587—is that they were lost in the forest on their way from Roanoke across country to the Chesapeake, and I have no doubt that the tradition is correct.

Observe too that it was only three years after peace was signed that Jamestown was founded. The fact is that the Elizabethans had their hands full with the long and exhausting war. And that, in part, answers the criticisms of Raleigh made then, and in our own time, for not pressing his efforts home. Remember too that for some years, 1592 to 1596, he fell into disgrace with the Queen over his marriage, and that diminished his resources, besides deflecting his energy to Guiana for a striking success to re-establish himself with her:

> To seek new lands for gold, for praise, for glory.

The great difference between the first colonial enterprises and Jamestown is this: They were made by the individual enterprise of gentlemen, mainly from the West Country, banding together—people like the Raleighs, Gilberts, Grenvilles, Prideaux, Kendalls, Rouses. But their resources were inadequate. Some of these men overspent themselves in their enthusiasm and ambition; Sir Humphrey Gilbert practically ruined himself, spending both his own fortune and his wife's. It is always said that Raleigh spent some £40,000 on colonial ventures—we must multiply by twenty for a modern equivalent. But he had the Queen's favor and her grants behind him. Precious little of this can he ever have got back.

But for the Jamestown effort the London merchants came to the fore, took control and directed the enterprise. Their resources combined were much greater than those of individ-

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FURTHER READING: *The library on Gloriana and her work is as extensive as that on Lincoln or Jesus, but* SR's *readers may care to look into these postwar studies which emphasize the wisdom and decency of her policy.*

ELIZABETH I AND HER PARLIAMENTS, 1559-1581. *By J. E. Neale. British Book Center (1953).* $5.50. One of the finest works on the period. A study of the pressure applied by a wilful, outspoken, affectionate Commons on a sovereign who was at once a genius and an autocrat.

THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH. *By A. L. Rowse. Macmillan (1955).* $7.50. Mr. Rowse concentrates here on the court-politics of the long reign, and how sturdy, independent Englishmen flourished in the service of a great ruler.

THE EXPANSION OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. *By A. L. Rowse. St. Martins (1955).* $5.75. In this work Mr. Rowse concentrates on the overseas deeds of Englishmen and especially on those of his own ancestors—the West Countrymen.

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, 1607-1689. *By Wesley F. Craven. Louisiana State (1949).* $6.00. A classic study, cited in this article by Mr. Rowse, of the effect on the permanent structure of Southern politics and personality of British immigrants in the seventeenth century.

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←**ELIZABETH I** (1533-1603), one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, statesmen in history, for forty-five years led England from island isolation to the secrets of empire, from bloody religious strife to the first toleration-policy in Europe, from feudalism to constitutionalism. Endowed with an extraordinarily powerful mind, and a tenacious realism, her salty expressiveness (for example, her public defiance of Philip II: "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too") was not the least of her virtues.

ELIZABETH II (1926-), descended→ from the Virgin Queen's grandfather, Henry VII, has not reigned long enough to have made much of a mark on public affairs, but her formidable schedule (she has already traveled far more than any other British sovereign) has had an incalculable effect in binding together the Commonwealth. Of course, the modern British Constitution does not leave much room for royal politics. However, it must be remembered that her active participation is indispensable to legal government, and as her experience grows so must her influence.

ual gentlemen, even if they were courtiers. And in the institution of a joint-stock company they had a much more efficient tool for managing such an enterprise. The Virginia Company, which planted Jamestown and directed the colony through its first years, was formed on the model of the East India Company, destined to be so famous. Sir Thomas Smythe, the great London capitalist, was the leading spirit in both.

WITH the coming of peace, and with a reproachful consciousness of the failure of earlier efforts, people felt that the honor of the nation was involved in making a success of American settlement. The national interest was engaged as never before. The London merchants, through the Virginia Company, certainly put across a magnificent job of promotion. The old guild-companies of London—Merchant Tailors, Goldsmiths, Drapers, Mercers—were roped in to subscribe corporately, many of their wealthy members to subscribe individually. Earls, including Shakespeare's Southampton, Archbishops, lords, knights, country gentlemen, members of Parliament, well-to-do citizens—everybody who was anybody in the England of the day appeared on the rolls as supporters of the Virginia enterprise. Everybody, that is to say, except the poets—and they as usual were short of cash. But they could contribute a poem, and the Laureate Drayton wrote his famous "Ode for the Virginia Voyage":

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

From the way the poem goes on we see to what point the poet had read in Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations" the accounts of what the earlier voyages and colonists had found:

The ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass,
The cedar reaching high,
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras.

(Before tobacco won foremost place, the medicinal sassafras was practically the first staple export of the colony.) Hakluyt, an old man now, was brought forward to write the promotional literature. During the years of intermission between the first efforts and Jamestown he had kept the intellectual interest in colonization alive, collected and published the narratives of the voyages, kept the practical contacts going. For his efforts he was to enjoy the vicarage of Jamestown, with a goodly stipend—the Elizabethans were nothing if not optimists! This, like a great many other things, remained in the realm of fancy.

The rewards offered to the settlers—betterment of their lot, greater scope and freedom, included among them, as Professor Craven well says, "The very immortality posterity has accorded those who responded." They were making a great venture, these little and largely unknown men who were crossing the Atlantic to found a new society, who found—almost all of them—early graves; for they cannot have realized the tribulations, the difficulties, and discouragements before them.

Similarly we hardly realize the misfortunes, the almost insuperable difficulties the Jamestown colony came up against: shipwrecks, famine, disease, massacre at the hands of the Indians. Almost everything went wrong with them; everything was against them; they had no luck on their side. The Jamestown folk were the pioneers, whose fate it was to undergo the sufferings, make the sacrifices that all those suffer who trace the first tracks. It is a theme we

(*Continued on page* 37)

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In the Heroic Tradition

For seventeen years the Danish writer Isak Dinesen has remained comparatively silent. Now a new Dinesen book has appeared. Its title: ***"Last Tales"*** *(Random House. 341 pp. $4), a collection of somewhat Gothic, somewhat Biblical short stories. Our reviewer is the well-known English novelist and short story writer, William Sansom.*

By WILLIAM SANSOM

MUCH has happened to inhibit our Heroes, who no longer like to wear a capital H, who prefer taciturnity to the grace of words, the wisecrack to wisdom, and awkward grunts to any high statement of their purpose. This is not only a result of modesty but also of shame—shame of the very words themselves. In the past, words were too many, and became cheap and suspect. A materially-overdeveloped world may demand emotional understatement: the more we have, the less time we have to feel, and the more we imitate the nonsense clicks and gurgles of those machines which serve us.

However it is, people today seldom speak in heroic tones except by formal courtesy of the psychiatrist's couch or the dry martini. This is to be regretted, for very often things can only be made real by words. It is the business of words to confirm: at its simplest, "*Tell* me you love me, *say* that you love me" is an utterance that must be pounding out all over the world at this very minute and it concisely expresses the need for words. But what is the answer? "I love you" —little more. And contemporary novelists and story writers, trapped in illusionary bogs of realism, fall over backwards to represent the inarticulate articulately.

Now, however, a most articulate volume comes to us. Just as parts of the Goncourt journals, whose economic periods often read as if they had been written yesterday, could not have been penned in the late nineteenth century, so Isak Dinesen's "Last Tales" could not have been written today. But they have been, and by a Swedish noblewoman of Danish patrician blood writing in English under a male pseudonym—a filtering process that has produced a strange strong prose, rich as stained glass.

In the first of these twelve tales this story-teller gives a didactic opinion on the matter of telling stories. "A story has a hero to it, and you will see him, clearly, luminous, and as upon a higher plane," she writes. And she goes on to belabor the cult of the realistic individual as a wood in which you have no chance of seeing the trees, where the hero's lady will stand "disrobed of her epos and, all naked, turned into an individual."

So she sets off at a measured, richly caparisoned canter to give us tales of blood and doom and honor in the old grand manner—and tales indeed so strongly told that you feel they did perhaps really happen, for there is the true ring of the old nurse telling of the dark family cupboard, of great events told and retold until history is lost in wonder and legend is born.

Yet the settings are of quite recent date: in Copenhagen of the last century, in France or Italy a hundred or more years ago. And the heroes and heroines, living in a high world of deep tragedy, are never larger than life but instead as large as life at its largest can be. That is the distinction of these noble people: whether it be the opera diva Leoni who shared the bed of an old peasant to exorcise his guilt of an old crime; or the changeling Eitel's atonement for the murder by his father of a peasant set on that terrible engine of punishment, the timbermare; or the Scottish noblewoman, a giantess who cannot bear the touch of humanity, who contracts syphilis from the much-kissed toe of St. Peter's effigy in Rome. There are tales of witchcraft in France, of the aristocratic love-tragedy of the Rose of Jutland and an officer who is doomed never to marry her (this tale set among the Copenhagen ballrooms and salons reads like the music of a long sad *ballade* celebrating a true happening many years ago), and of the Portuguese convent where the blooded bridal sheets of virgin queens are treasured, like paintings of pure honor, in golden frames. There are

—Rie Nissen.

THE AUTHOR: The pseudonym Isak Dinesen hides not a man, as we might think, but a woman. But knowing that Isak Dinesen is actually Baroness Karen Blixen does not penetrate that writer's essential mystery. Elegant and marble-featured as an Ice Queen, Baroness Blixen lives in lofty seclusion at her ancestral home in Rungstedlund, Denmark, not far from the ghostly turrets of Elsinore castle. She is not a best-selling author, nor a prolific one ("Last Tales," reviewed here, is her first book in seventeen years), yet her followers in literary circles are faithful. No less an admirer than Ernest Hemingway, when told that he had won the Nobel Prize, said that he thought it should have been awarded instead to Isak Dinesen.

Baroness Blixen was not always the mysterious figure she is now. As a young woman she studied painting in Copenhagen and in Paris until she married her cousin Baron Blixen and went with him to British East Africa, where together they operated a coffee plantation. The marriage ended in divorce, and the Baroness, alone, continued to oversee the plantation, acting as judge, doctor, and teacher to her Kikuyu workers. "I told stories constantly to the natives," she has said. "To amuse myself during the rainy season, I began to write stories." Today she still tells her own stories on the radio to Danish listeners. When Baroness Blixen returned to Denmark she wrote, in English, her first book, "Seven Gothic Tales." Three years later, in 1937, an account of her seventeen years in Africa, "Out of Africa," appeared and was received with great acclaim.

From the time she returned to Denmark she has lived in seclusion, a seclusion which was intensified by the Nazi occupation. The only way she was

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arguments laid down in the text to support the tragic fibre of these stories: that man's lot in the world is so desultory and dull that he himself had to invent tragedy in order to make existence at all supportable; and that there must be sorrows of great and tragic dimension, "or should human beings allow Christ to have died on the cross for the sake of our toothaches?"

And, occasionally, a quality finer than mere humor distinguishes these stories: I mean, wit. For instance, in the conversations of two old gentlemen on the nature of woman, there is recounted what must be the very last word of all from a dissatisfied wife: "My husband," she said in her low, sonorous voice. "Surely you will realize that to an ambitious woman it comes hard, in entering a ball room, to know that she is entering it on the arm of a cuckold."

Captiously, one might cavil at the reiteration of a blood-obsession in this author: whether materially blood is being shed, or carrying disease or the essences of doomed heredity, or flaming symbolically in a woman's hair against the sun, or even making whole streets turn red in tune with the surgings of a passionate mind. But aristocracy, "the blood," the "precious fluid," is one of the book's themes. It must be allowed.

Sometimes, reading these classic exciting measures, one is reminded of some of the moods of Thomas Mann; sometimes one says, Gothic; or Baroque; or Biblical; or the Baghdad Bazaar. Perhaps all these share certain things in common: true mystery, true tale-telling, a truly lapidary permanence. These stories are strong stuff. Dive beyond the first breakers of a rolling prose—if these distress you—and let the deeper waves take you over like a strong drug: you will be rewarded.

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able to get her manuscript, "Winter Tales," out of the country was in a diplomatic pouch by way of Sweden to England and finally to America. So quiet was her activity that in 1944 when a novel, "The Angelic Avengers," appeared under the authorship of Pierre Andrézel, almost no one knew that Isak Dinesen and Pierre Andrézel were the same. The Germans thought that novel, an attack on them, was only a romance.

Now, at seventy-two, Baroness Blixen has announced no plans. A very long novel, perhaps. No one is certain. The Baroness is, after all, quite inaccessible.

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

Russia's Gossip

"Tale of a Whistling Shrimp," by Vladimir B. Grinioff *(E. P. Dutton. 251 pp. $3.50), chronicles with some amusement the woes and the tribulations of a vodka-drinking Moscow banker whose daughter, a college student, is charged with having uttered some unutterable thoughts about the Communist regime in Russia.*

By Walter Havighurst

TWO years ago Nikita Khrushchev declared: "We will abandon Communism when the shrimp learns to whistle." Now Vladimir B. Grinioff, who is the son of a former Russian diplomatic official and who is himself a consultant on Russia to the U. S. government, hears the first sounds of that unnatural music. In "Tale of a Whistling Shrimp" he has written a satiric novel of contemporary life in a Russian provincial city.

The story is simple. Taras Tarasovich Popugaev is a banker—"Oh, yes, there are real live bankers in Soviet Russia today, and they are indeed the pillars of society"—who lives on Leninskaya, the best street in the city, in a spacious apartment with a handsome view. He also has a "dacha," a big roomy farmhouse in the country. With his influential position in the city and the frequent gifts that come to him from his clients, he is a genial and contented man. He likes the Russian system.

But quite suddenly Taras Tarasovich's contentment is shattered. From the local college comes word that his daughter has talked subversively about the Party, slandering the names of Lenin and Stalin.

Russia in this novel is a vast whispering gallery. As soon as the girl Simochka is charged with loose talk about the Party, echoes begin to gather. And with the echoes come threats. To keep informers from sending word to Moscow the banker must buy them off. One by one his special luxuries go: his furniture, his television, his books, his motor car. The cashier at the bank has a daughter who is a shot-putter and who would like to study music. So there goes T.T.'s piano. And still the threat hangs over him. T.T. has been suspicious of men like Comrade Gazov of the Planning Commission—men who named themselves after coal, gas and cement. Now he is afraid of them.

Then, like a reprieve in the last hour, come reports of changes in the Party. "And who is the Party?" the girl Simochka asked. "Yesterday it was Stalin before whom we crawled on all fours, like our ancestors when they paid tribute to the Tartar khans! Now we hardly mention him. Then we loved Beria. Now it turns out that he is a traitor. Then we loved Malenkov the Wise, Stalin's own secretary. Now he says he is inexperienced, after thirty years in the Politburo! Is this the Party?" Suddenly the Party Line has shifted so as to vindicate Simochka. So T.T. recovers his possessions, gives a party for his daughter, and happily pours vodka for his friends.

There are some very funny episodes in the story, but it is not all satire. The strongest of its characters is the fierce and wary old Zipkina, a woman living in oblivion and austerity, still smoldering with the "idea" of revolution and dreaming of the utopian revolutions yet to come. "First," she says, "the Revolution swallowed Russia—but choked. Russia wiggled out. And now Russia is swallowing the Revolution."

In the background of Mr. Grinioff's story is a vast, cheerless, dogged Russia, a land of sullen, purposeful people who feel less resentment for the capitalistic society beyond their borders than for the privileged members of their own bureaucratic society.

Grinioff—"vast whispering gallery."

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Midwest Suburbia

"When the Bough Breaks," by Otis Carney *(Houghton Mifflin. 369 pp. $4.50), is a novel concerned with the lives of the members of a Midwestern country club set and particularly with the destiny of one Bud Floyd, a Princeton graduate who mixes business with golf and has a wife named Debbie.*

By David Karp

THE Midwestern suburban community of Crystal Rock comes in for its share of attention when Otis Carney turns his cast of characters loose on the golf links of the Valley Hunt and Field Club and into the spacious homes of the managers and executives who live in the Estates section. Debbie and Bud Floyd are part of the suburban set trying to blend that combination of career and social life which characterizes upper-middle-class suburban communities throughout the United States.

Bud Floyd is one of the earnest acolytes of the executive mystique, convinced that the proper mixture of golf, patience, well-bred angling, and desperately hard work will bring him and his family that high position of security and prestige which, for Crystal Rockers, represents the last plateau. Things, however, are made complicated by the restlessness and rebelliousness of Debbie Floyd.

Debbie's husband, Bud, suffers from having lived under the shadow of his father, the flamboyant, free-wheeling, free-booting merchandising genius who started a small retail empire. Lee Floyd had no use for the nice-nellies currently running American big business. He also had little use for Bud who, he feared, was not a man.

Alec Deering, Bud's classmate at Princeton, was the sort of man Bud once thought he wanted to be. But Alec, dropping in to see the Floyds on his way to the West Coast, has only a story of missed opportunities and fumbled efforts to tell. Things seem to have trickled through Alec's clever fingers. To Bud, however, he still seems the glamorous, the vigorous, the clever Princeton hot-shot. Bud is smarting under the humiliation

Carney—"big game at play."

of being shunted out of a business opportunity which he believed should have been his. He is aching with the sudden loss of his father, he is bewildered by the decay of his marriage, and he is haunted by the fear that security, prestige, and success will by-pass him. Now he feels that Alec's appearance threatens the one thing left to him—the fidelity of his wife. In a long, climactic weekend, Bud tells off his boss, fights with his wife, and loses an important golf tournament. He manages, however, to save his marriage as well as his personal identity.

Mr. Carney is most effective when he describes the big game at play. Their watering habits, their haunts, their club house, their climactic dance following the big Autumn Leaves golf tournament—all are drawn with careful and deadly detail. Especially well-drawn is that peculiarly suburban breed of lithe, tanned, middle-aged golfing suburban wives whose lives, running parallel to the lives of their men, do not touch the quiet ground of solitude from the moment of their "coming out" as girls to the moment before they themselves are laid to rest. It is to escape this world that Debbie and Bud finally seize themselves, their child, and their self-respect and leave, forsaking prestige and success and power and the security of the well-groomed herd for things simpler, older, and more valuable.

Quest for Peace

"The Return of Lady Brace," by Nancy Wilson Ross *(Random House. 242 pp. $3.75), tells the story of a widowed American-born woman who returns to her childhood home on Long Island and faces the problems of coping with one unhappily married daughter and one eccentric brother.*

By Preston Schoyer

IN MOST of her previous works the American novelist Nancy Wilson Ross has been concerned with the search by troubled souls for peace of mind. And so she is again in "The Return of Lady Brace." In "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer," the story of a prolonged immaturity on the part of an American woman, a solution to her character's problems was furnished by the war. In "My Ancestor" the solution came by human agency. Now, in the case of Lady Brace's troubles, the door to salvation is opened, broadly speaking, by the wisdom and the mysticism of the East.

Lady Brace, following the death of her second husband, an Englishman, returns to her childhood home on Long Island to see her two daughters by an earlier marriage. She feels she has neglected them, and her return not only increases this feeling but also stirs other guilts and distresses. One daughter is happily married and has no problems, but the other, Lydia, is in trouble. (A passionate love affair, which came to nothing, has torpedoed Lydia's marriage and left her on the edge of a breakdown. Also at her childhood home Lady Brace finds her eccentric brother Stephen, who, having fled many years ago to Ceylon, has returned, bringing with him a Buddhist monk. It is around these people that Lady Brace's emotions and memories swirl, filling her with an ever increasing sense of her own inadequacy and failure.

On one occasion Lady Brace observes how the combination of the yellow-robed, barefooted monk and her cozy family circle seem as fantastically unrelated as the objects in a surrealist painting. In concept

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a story that uses the mysticism of the Orient to solve the complex problems of sophisticated Americans living in Long Island seems threatened with a similar unreality. But, very much to the author's credit, reality is preserved, and the East slides into the story with perfect naturalness, and also in its true and proper garb—that is, unobtrusively, concavely, and in a manner that teaches without seeming to do so. The little monk recites:

> We ourselves must walk the Path,
> Teachers merely show the way.

Quite properly, Lady Brace gets no direct answer to her troubles from him but because of him takes a step along the Path, which is all she needs. In the end, thanks in part to her brother and to her own remembrance of Ceylon, but more immediately to the presence of the monk, she comes first, of necessity, to understand herself and then, almost automatically, to a way out of her troubles.

As in the case of Miss Ross's earlier work, "The Return of Lady Brace" deserves praise also for its intelligence, for its subtle probing into human character, and for the excellence of its prose.

YOUNG DRUMMER: William Steuber's **"The Landlooker"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95) is a refreshing novel about a past time in America. It doesn't have much of a plot, but neither does "Huckleberry Finn"; and while Mr. Steuber is certainly no Mark Twain, the passing likeness is unmistakable. This odyssey of an adolescent harness-salesman drumming his way through Wisconsin in 1871 is from the same characteristic grain, affirming qualities in the American temperament which are unique to our homegrown heritage.

Fifteen-year-old Emil Rohland, sleeping in ornate commercial hotels and back-country cabins, nearly drowning in the rapids and roasting in a forest fire, is swept up in the vigor and expansion of America. He is curious to learn what makes things tick, from the operation of a railroad to the incomprehensible behavior of women. The long episodes describing the great passenger pigeon slaughter and Emil's visit to a logging camp are as good as anything of their kind for vividness. By means of the author's skilful effort to show us things through Emil's wide young eyes, we are able to watch him grow as he watches the country grow. In Mr. Steuber's hands both processes are interesting enough to make "The Landlooker" very well worth recommending. —JEROME STONE.

THE AWESOME LIFE OF THE deBRACS: Janet Agle's **"Family Secret"** (Lippincott, $3.75) may not be much of a novel, but it is certainly the most intensive onslaught against momism that has been launched in several weeks. The family in question is the deBrac tribe, an elite clan of some 1,500 widely scattered members who live their lives according to a private Hoyle compiled by an ancestor who seems to have been a medieval Elbert Hubbard. It would be robbing the reader of his rightful pleasure to expand on all the deBrac mores; suffice it to say that the mottoes on the wall of the family nursery school are Love And Serve (for girls) and Rule With Good Spirit (for boys) and that these maxims are carried forward into deBrac maturity. The males are wised up in a privately run sexology seminar and the girls are shrewdly kept busy with a constant round of amateur theatricals until the feudal marriage rites ("We don't give them time to think about it").

The deBracs are regarded with wonderment by the outside world. So when young Tom Fortune learns that Alistair Chapin, his Air Force buddy, belongs to this fabulous fold, he is completely awed. (" 'You're a deBrac, Al?' I said, completely awed.") Tom's eyes pop even further at Alistair's bid to induct him into the family itself, which occasionally accepts new members unrelated by blood. (Actually, Fortune *has* deBrac blood, but that's another story.) Anyhow, young Tom is lodged in the deBracs' New York seraglio where he encounters a raft of deBrac specimens, a group as ruthlessly dedicated to self improvement as the freshman class at Bennington. Here he passes his tribal orals and falls in love with the belle of the clan, a crackerjack deBrac named Jane.

Unhappily for Mrs. Agle's thesis, the deBrac charm is never evident in their dialogue, and the family homilies, however titillating, become tedious after being enlarged upon in interminable sequences of bull sessions. —MARTIN LEVIN.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. URBAN: In **"Pawn Of Time"** (Holt, $4.95) by Robin Carson, a chap named Heitman Urban goes from New York in 1956 to Venice in 1521 by the simple process of just thinking about it. "Concentrate on Venice in that period," says a convivial Pernod drinker at a party at which philosophies of time are under discussion. "Then clear the mind of every thought and image for about three minutes." Mr. Carson doesn't specify what Urban was drinking at the time, but when he comes to, he has somehow exchanged his sport jacket and slacks for a doublet and hose, and is off on the goldarndest series of adventures this side of Rosamund Marshall. Dubbing himself "Don Jaiman Urban de Biqueman" (for Beekman Place) Mr. Carson's transmogrified modern sticks his inquisitive nose into as many crannies of Renaissance Europe as he can, including a large quota of cinquecento bedchambers. He works out with a daughter of the Borgia, rescues a marrano damsel from the Inquisition, and waylays a colorful assortment of Renaissance hoydens. Thanks to his skill at fencing, still a rudimentary art in 1521, Urban is able to extend his prowess in more martial directions as well, becoming the boss of a troop of banditti which eventually shares in the sack of Rome. And like all good heroes in historical novels, he does a stretch in the galleys. Ultimately, the don from Beekman Place becomes so set in his sixteenth-century ways and so attached to his wife and several families that he is not sure which age he prefers to spin out his days in.

Mr. Carson details Urban's progress in a manner half farcical, half earnest, putting more wit and sophistication into "Pawn of Time" than is customarily found in a historical novel. —M. L.

Ratio

By Sydney Kessler

HE PICKED out those with run down souls,
either paupered by omens or a bad terrain.
He counted their fingers, teeth and toes,
then asked what life they had in mind.

All yearned for more than you'd expect.
None fell outside the bell-shaped curve.
And, still, His ratio proved right;
one fearing darkness to every ten the light.

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The Neurosis of Freud

"The Last Phase: 1919-1939," by Ernest Jones, M.D. *(Basic Books. 537 pp. $7.50), brings to a close a definitive three-volume biography of the founder of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud. Our reviewer, Dr. Franz Alexander, is director of the research center of Mt. Sinai Hospital, Los Angeles.*

By Franz Alexander, M. D.

IN THE first volume of Dr. Ernest Jones's "The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud" we were acquainted with the least-known phase of the great psychoanalyst's development: his groping struggles to find his identity and his desperate need to attach himself to powerful father images—all of which Dr. Jones rightly calls Freud's neurosis. In the second volume Dr. Jones showed us a Freud who had found himself in and through his work—a work which became more and more inseparable from his personal destiny.

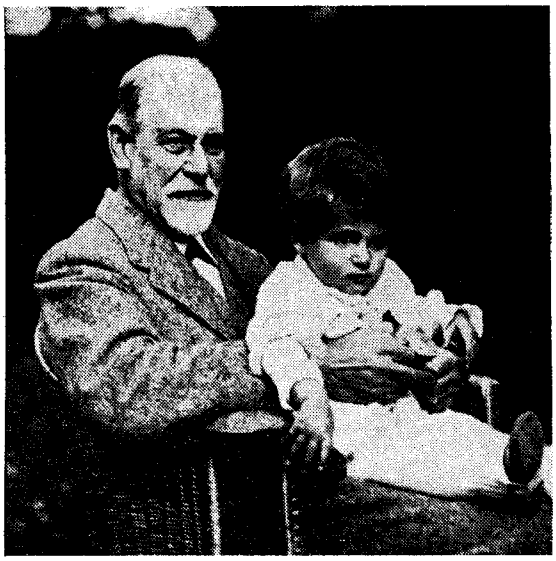
Now, in the last volume of Dr. Jones's trilogy, which is entitled "The Last Phase: 1919-1939," Sigmund Freud appears more as a philosopher than he did in the other two volumes. "He returned via the circuitous path of medicine and psychopathology to his earliest love, philosophy," writes Dr. Jones; and this is an opinion which is borne out by Freud's main contributions during this period. It was the time of Freud's first attempt to conceptualize the totality of the psychic apparatus by devising a relatively simple model of its complex structure; and Freud's contribution to instinct theory, which he made about the same time, deals with such abstractions as the life—and death—instincts. His return to comprehensive philosophical and cultural interests is most clearly seen by his contributions to sociological problems centering around the meaning and the origin of civilization and about the relation of man to society.

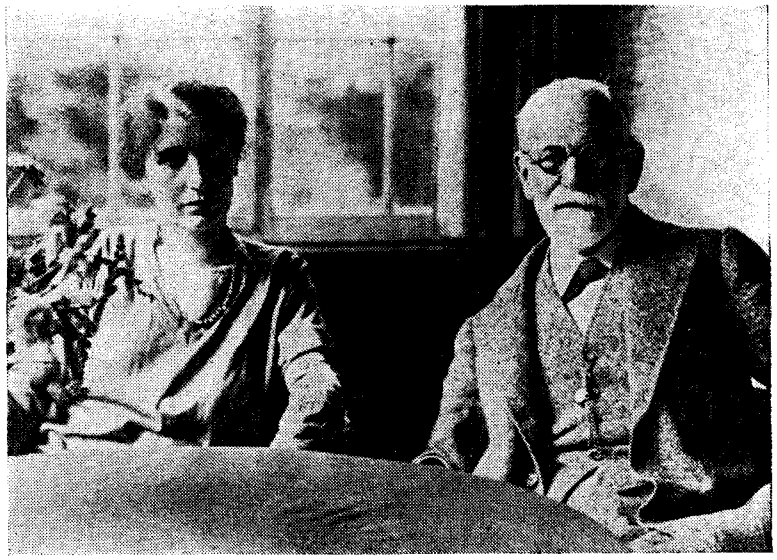
In his third volume Dr. Jones follows the same method of presentation that he did in the previous two volumes: he presents the history of Freud's life and the history of his ideas separately—a complicating but unavoidable technique in view of the task of writing any history of Freud's life and work. The outstanding life events in the last phase are: 1.) the reunion of the then small community of psychoanalysts after World War I; 2.) the defection of Otto Rank, which was particularly painful and which Freud tried to prevent with an extreme show of tolerance and understanding; 3.) the even more painful conflict with Ferenczi, his most gifted collaborator; and 4.) the tribulations of the Psychoanalytic Publishing Company. All these are chronicled against a background of the austere years of the post-World War I era in Central Europe, the progressive deterioration of Freud's health, his grave economic uncertainties, his broken friendships, and the continued misrepresentations of his ideas by his critics.

Dr. Jones proposes his most original ideas in discussing Freud's own last book, which was entitled "Moses and Monotheism." This book, in which Freud was more than in any other of his writings motivated by his own most secret conflicts, is a veritable treasure for a psychoanalytic biographer, whose main concern is reconstructing the deep unconscious factors that shape personality and personal destiny. One would be inclined to state that it is regrettable that Dr. Jones was not more explicit in formulating his ideas. This, however, is in keeping with the moderation he has constantly exercised to analyze Freud no more than is necessary to illuminate the main traits of his development.

Dr. Jones does call attention to a peculiar propensity of Freud to believe that people often are not what they seemed to be: *i.e.* Moses was a high-born Egyptian instead of a Jew; Shakespeare was not the son of an uneducated English bourgeois. He connects this predilection of Freud with Freud's conscious fantasy from his youth that he wished to have been the son of his English half-brother Emmanuel and thus to have had an easier path in life.

THE new volume also points out Freud's overestimation of official recognition or, which amounts to the same thing, his occasional emphatic display of his indifference to that recognition even at the time when he had already acquired world fame. All this completes the picture of a conflict which was never fully resolved. Outwardly Freud heroically bore the





—From the book.

Sigmund Freud with grandson, Stephen Gabriel (Berlin, 1922); with daughter, Anna (Tegelsee, 1929).

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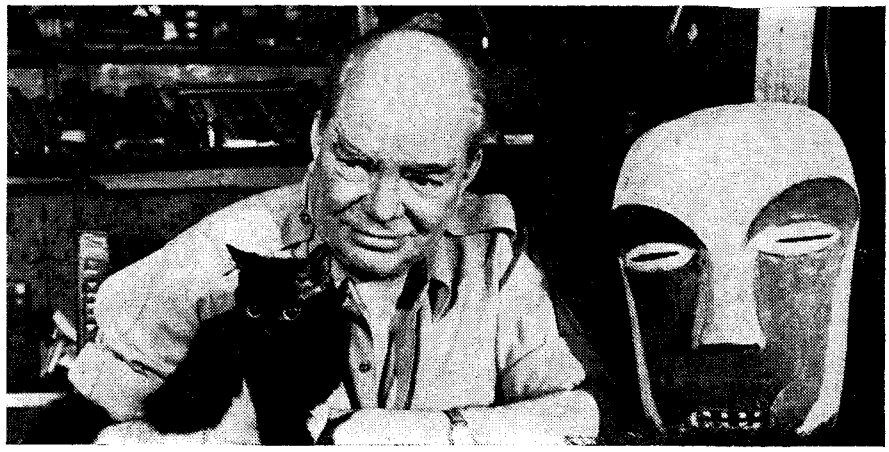
burden of discrimination which was his because he belonged to a minority group. (Later he bore it because he had discovered many unpopular truths about human nature, which sentenced him to live always in opposition.) He never fully recognized, however, his hidden but only too human desire for full acceptance and official recognition by the authorities. Psychoanalysts know only too well that the effect of past experiences never can be abolished completely. If in no other way, the effect appears in defensive measures against these painful past experiences.

The reader can hardly miss one conclusion, which Dr. Jones does not draw explicitly. The conclusion: that Freud's neurosis which was manifest in his struggling years was at least partially responsible for the extreme fortitude and courage by which he overcame his earlier insecurity, and that, at the same time, this "overcompensation," this extreme heroism, generated in him an occasional yearning for a less strenuous and more peaceful existence. Freud lived an emotionally wearing life and never yielded to the ostracism imposed on him by his colleagues and by the authorities. But, in the deep unconscious layers of his personality, he never gave up the fantasy that, like Moses with whom he identified himself, he really belonged to the right side of the tracks. This fantasy served as a great source of satisfaction because he could thus feel that he himself was the one who gave up the bliss of conformity and of security by choosing the role of the pioneer who enforced the "truths" against the resistance of his own group.

No other person has had the same opportunity to perform the deed that Dr. Ernest Jones has performed in his entire "The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud." Dr. Jones's unique accomplishment has been possible not only because he has had access to practically all objective Freudiana available but also because he is the last survivor of that intimate circle of collaborators who participated in Freud's struggle to be heard and understood and who had a direct personal influence on the development of Freud's ideas, not always by blind acceptance but often by contradiction and constructive criticism. His third volume is a profound and honest book, the result of painstaking research of long years. It has a unique place among biographies for it is perhaps the first one written by a man who, because of his own profession as a psychoanalyst, is an expert in the arduous task of reconstructing the personality development of his hero.

PERSONAL HISTORY



Hassoldt Davis—". . . looking like a cherubic angel."

Adventurous Wanderer

"World Without a Roof," by Hassoldt Davis *(Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. 436 pp. $4.95) offers a lifetime's reminiscences by a widely known explorer-writer who has traveled around a good part of the world. Our reviewer, Robert Payne, is a novelist and biographer who has seen most corners of the world himself.*

By Robert Payne

HASSOLDT DAVIS is a man who has seen the whole blazing spectacle of the world rolled out before him, and pronounced that it is very much to his taste. He has traveled almost everywhere and done almost everything. Now, looking like a cherubic angel at the age of fifty, he has decided to write down what he has seen. It is a fantastic story, and most of it is incredible. Which is what one might expect when a man writes truthfully about the vastness of the things he has seen.

It begins, as these things often begin, with the Tarzan stories and an atlas. He was a child when he discovered Africa and thought the proper function of a human being was to be a Tarzan of the apes dropping coconuts on the enemy. He packed a sling-shot, a packet of bouillon cubes, a large carving knife, a compass, a map of the Congo, and then he was off—only a little further than the front door. He did reach Africa later, but not before he had wandered over Europe and the South Seas. He was in Paris when he was nineteen, starving in a garret and writing a lurid novel, having taken to the bohemian life as a cat takes to milk, and he might conceivably have stayed in Paris forever, but the French police pounced on him when he was taking part in a scrimmage in the Place de la République on the day when Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. He notes the violence and implacable brutality of the French *gendarmes* and describes without bitterness his sordid trial and expulsion as an undesirable alien from the country he loved above all others. He grew tough, boxed at Harvard, became embroiled in the usual number of extra-curricular love-affairs, and began a biography of Ambrose Bierce. Harvard ended when he took up photography and his father discovered he had taken a photograph of his sister posing in the nude.

Then it was San Francisco and a blowzy artist's hut on Telegraph Hill. He became an artist's model, wrote reviews, and achieved some fame as a maker of death masks. No one would have recognized in the seedy youth in San Francisco the dedicated wanderer he was to become. Suddenly, for no better reason than that he was bored with San Francisco, he sailed for Tahiti, and the long years of voyaging had begun.

He reached Tahiti before the islands were completely spoiled. It was the time before "Mutiny on the Bounty," and Nordhoff and Hall were sowing their wild oats, and the great Flaherty was working on his squandered epic, "Tabu." Davis met them all, and writes superbly about his journeys

(*Continued on page* 34)

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War and Peace

THE autumn issue of *The American Scholar* has devoted two-thirds of its space to a unique and fascinating experiment. Twelve American writers of intellectual stature, all of them over sixty years old, were invited by Hiram Hayden on behalf of the editorial board to express their personal philosophies of life. What, he asked, in this complex world of ours can bring sober sustenance to many of us who are deeply troubled and perplexed by the various spectres of the mid-twentieth century? Here are a few brief phrases: R. L. Duffus of *The New York Times* writes that, "The human race, in spite of all discouragements, in spite of all fears, in spite of a confusion of doctrines, wants passionately to go on living. I believe that it will arise in passion against any recognizable group which requests it to commit suicide or which follows policies that are suicidal, or which ignorantly turns, like moths, toward the destroying flame." Henry Beetle Hough: "I believe deeply in the complete freedom of faith and in the benefits of diverse viewpoints." Rene Fulop-Miller: "I agree with those scientists who hold that only through a synthesis in which the scientific mind works in harmony with man's religious instincts and his sense of beauty can we hope for a brighter future." Howard Mumford Jones: "If Kafka's followers turn in disgust from man to cockroach, by what logic do they applaud Blake as he thinks his way into being a tiger?"

It may occur to the reader that the menace of a Third World War hovers over the world, that atomic weapons, intercontinental rockets, and the hydrogen bomb may soon be in the hands of all nations. To any rational person it would seem to be impossible that any dictator should risk the total destruction of his own country and its people. Nevertheless, the menace exists and will inevitably become more dangerous with every month or year. It might seem that it is beyond the power of the most rational man to discover a way out of this horrendous dilemma.

In an article in *The Listener*, published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, Michael Howard states this awesome dilemma clearly in a review of "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy," by a young American historian, Dr. Henry A. Kissinger. Mr. Howard believes that it is the most penetrating and comprehensive work on international affairs to appear since the destruction of Hiroshima announced the advent of the nuclear age. He quotes Dr. Kissinger, "Our problem is to devise a strategy which can give an impetus to policy rather than paralyze it. Strategy can assist policy only by developing a maximum number of stages between total peace (which may mean total surrender) and total war." Mr. Howard writes, "We (England) must not be afraid of using war as an instrument of policy; but this will only be possible in the nuclear age if we clear from our mind all idea of war as something inevitably aiming at the complete defeat of the enemy, and prepare ourselves instead to aim at limited objectives, to adopt a strategy directed at the enemy and to offer terms for a settlement which he can be reasonably expected to accept."

To the reader this may seem to be unrealistic nonsense, since Soviet missiles and planes carrying atomic bombs would instantly trigger our own SAC into bombarding Russian cities and bases. To make confusion twice confounded Dr. Kissinger suggests that, "Such wars might be conducted by nuclear weapons subject to mutually agreed restriction devised to spare the homelands of belligerents and, as far as possible, cities within the battle zone." Mr. Howard satirically adds that, "the details of such restrictions carries at first sight about as much conviction as the rules of Parliamentary Procedure would if applied to a tribe just emerging from primitive barbarism."

Nevertheless, there is an answer to the dilemma. According to Dr. Kissinger, a frank avowal of our intentions is essential if limited war is to be kept limited, and anything recognizable as civilization is to survive. Stalemate is the only answer. It seems reasonable to suggest that the Soviet rulers are no less anxious than we are to avoid an assault on the Russian homeland by the allied powers in Europe and the North American continent. This might involve an armament race with our prospective enemy which would cost untold sums of money. Whatever can be said of the Soviet rulers it is safe to believe they are not willing "to unleash forces which will not only destroy the enemy but bring unimaginable disaster to the whole of mankind and its posterity."

It is not at all certain that if war should come Russia's unhappy satellites Poland, Hungary, and East Germany would immediately rebel, but it may also be true that the diminishing Communist parties in European states would offer no help. There are other cracks in the Soviet armor, like the obvious discontent among the young intellectuals and the writers, revealed in Vladimir Dudintsev's attack on the Russian bureaucrats and monopolists in his novel, "Not by Bread Alone," now an American best-seller. A more devastating and dangerous book is "The New Class," by Milovan Djilas, once second in command of Yugoslavia's Communist government and now incarcerated in a prison cell from which he may never emerge alive. "Communism," he wrote, "is the gigantic racket carried on at the expense of the many for the luxurious benefit of the few. . . . No other revolution promised so much and accomplished so little." This book will be translated into many languages, and read by millions of people around the free world.

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ORDEAL DENIGRATED

I DO NOT understand why you devoted so much space to Max Lerner's "The Ordeal of the American Woman" (*SR* Oct. 12). May I suggest that any American man, or any human being, must go through the ordeal of living—the ordeal of continuing the species and at the same time attempting to find a place in this world as an individual and as a member of society? May I also suggest a comparison between the ordeal of American women and that of Chinese women behind the Bamboo Curtain?

LORIN CASTLEMAN.

Redlands, Calif.

WOMAN IN PLACE

I THINK WE women are satisfied for it to be a "man's world," so long as men recognize the fact that we have an important place in it—right back of him, trying to help make it a better world.

LOUISE B. WILMSHURTS.

Altaville, Calif.

UNDESERVING EXTORTERS

GIVEN MORE opportunity than ever before, what really has happened to the American Women today? Believing herself equally capable of all that he is, she has forced the American Man (with his consent) to abdicate from his maleness. And, other than being a glorified and superficial sexual object, her only success is extracting from former husbands huge sums of money which she neither deserves nor is entitled to.

JAMES COLLINS.

New York, N. Y.

CONTINUING TROUBLE

AS LONG AS THE American Woman continues to operate and view Man from a point of opportunism, expendability, and exploitation, her ordeal will remain and persist to trouble her and the society she lives in.

RUDOLF B. LANG.

Hartford, Conn.

FORCEFUL MEN

TRUE, WE WOMEN are often foolishly bedecked. But, don't you know, it's sometimes the men who force us to be, by their desire to have a good "clothes-horse" at their side?

CAROLYN WILSON.

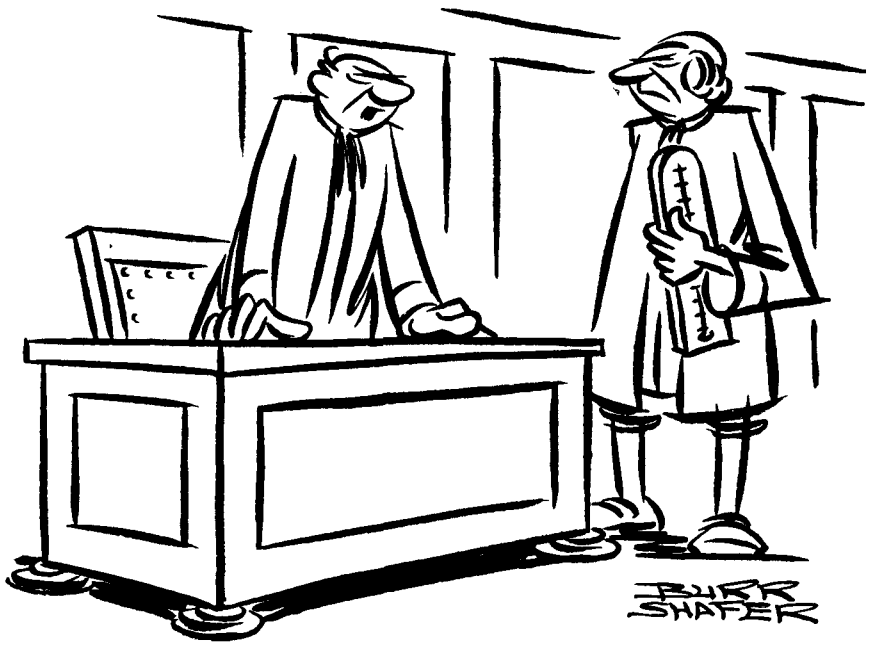
Peoria, Ill.

IT'S OKAY

WHEN I WAS eighteen it dawned on me that the married American woman is the happiest, most fortunate human being in the history of the world. Now I am almost thirty and I believe it more than ever.

MRS. SHIRLEY FADER.

Paterson, N. J.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I think, Mr. Fahrenheit, that most people know when it's hot or cold enough to take off their coat or light a fire."

VERY DEPRESSING

IN "ON THE Morality of Space" (*SR* Oct. 5) Arthur C. Clarke speaks provocatively of "contact with super-races." We note the optimistic surmise "that nothing but good can come from contact with a really superior form of life." The article discountenances the possible "racial inferiority-complex" that may discommode Earth people confronted by "too superior" beings. It will be depressing, indeed, ever to come to the realization that we humans were not worth the bother.

JULIUS CHAIET.

New York, N. Y.

WE PASS

ONE QUESTION: If man can survive in Los Angeles, why not on Venus?

A. R. GEHRY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A CLEAR CALL

ABOVE THE UNIVERSAL "hubbub" and beyond the West's surprise, hysteria, and frustration over the Soviet Union's successful launching of the Earth's first satellite must be heard somehow the clear call for cooperation instead of conflict in international relations. This newest scientific breakthrough will serve no useful purpose unless social man can break through the barriers of ignorance and prejudice; unless economic man can eliminate the worst of all crimes: poverty; and unless political man can change the archaic and anarchistic nation-state system into a world federation adequate to world needs. To help accomplish this the President has a clear duty to accept the world's demand for "Summit" meetings, preferably at the United Nations; to recognize all governments actually in control whatever their political composition; and to maximize world trade, exchange of persons and cultures without discrimination.

HUGH B. HESTER,
Brig. General, USA (Rtd.).

Creedmore, N. C.

SEAT OF PANTS

ONE OF THE most curious feats of language these days is performed by people who devise classified advertisements that squeeze what should require, let us say, three lines into a line and a half. The result is cryptic message like this:

" '55 Bel Air 2-dr, O.D., p.g., w w tires, T T red, extra gp. $2155."

My first difficulty is with "O.D." My unabridged dictionary lists for "O.D." *officer of the day, old Dutch, outside diameter,* and *olive drab.* It is clear that none of these meanings will do. Dictionaries have not yet caught up with this sort of thing. Before admitting defeat and calling in my teenaged son, let me attempt the whole thing, "flying by the seat of my pants":

"A 1955 Bel Air two-door sedan, Old Dutch, a petrol guzzler with well-worn tires, painted a time-tested red (or triple-tinctured?) is an extra gypping at $2155."

GEORGE P. NYE.

Roslindale, Mass.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Shoeing Up of William Saroyan

THE happiest news of this theatre season is that in **"The Cave Dwellers"** William Saroyan has refound himself as an artist. One would guess that for him the past fourteen years were filled with self-doubt, injured pride, and the semi-conscious realization that his quixotic brand of escapism and wish-fulfilment was no longer effective in a world desperately staving off annihilation.

"The Cave Dwellers" begins by *recognizing* the tense current situation. Its curtain rises on three indigent ex-theatre artists living on the stage of a theatre which is about to be demolished by a wrecking crew. There is the King, a former music-hall clown, who used to be rich and "a wit in the world." His concern is for the home, the cave, the hiding place, "and not for the creature human or animal, lost out there, and lost in each of us—alone, piteous, helpless, near the end, and yet somehow deathless, indestructible, unkillable." While he is frightened of this outside world, he is willing to face a crisis alone.

There is the Queen, a sick old actress who used to play elegant roles. Although she is the child of a poor drunken father and his shrill wife, she has always been queenly, and can still pull herself together for an hour to seem young and beautiful again. When she joins the frightened family circle she stops coughing, but she prefers coughing to being afraid and wailing. The King says to her, "If Christ Himself had had you around He would have sold oranges for a living, Moses would have dealt in hides and leathers, and Mohammed would have written dirty limericks. All the others would have forgotten their visions and holy dreams." Her reply is, "They *should* have. If we are nothing involved in nothing, and wish to be something involved in something, let it be so. But quietly and plainly, not with hysteria and violence."

And there is the Duke, an ex-boxing champion who twenty-five years ago in his last fight was scared he might kill his opponent with a single blow, so instead let his opponent kill him with a single blow. He's always been stupid, but strong, swift, and lucky. Simply religious and Christian, he "fears himself named God." In an anxiety dream, he is counted out in English, German, Chinese, and finally in Russian.

Into these allies' hiding place runs a homeless girl who has lost her job helping to make guns for the U.S. Toy Company. She was dreaming of America as it is represented in the movies during work. She has no right to join the group because she is not "of the theatre," except that she can recite the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag.

The allegorically-minded may find in these riddles fading England, impoverished but elegant and free-thinking France, the naive but powerful United States, and the refugee. This foursome waits, not for Godot, but for the approaching wreckers. Comes the cold night, and a desperate knocking is heard at the door. The King doesn't want to open it, but he is outvoted by his humanistic allies. It is a man with a huge performing bear, and a wife who has just given birth to a child. Since the bear is named Gorky, we think of Russia, and since his master has his confidence we think of the working class in those countries recently become independent. The new father tells how the bear's soul turned sweet when it first saw his wife. The wife, then, may represent a good-life-for-all ideal, and the son the hopes for a universally better future. In "The Cave Dwellers" the new father tries desperately to make the bear and the boxer trust each other enough to play at wrestling together, rather than box, because one blow would cause Gorky to go mad and kill, but wrestling he would soon associate with friendship and love. Saroyan seems to see in this improbable wrestling match the hope of the world, but realistically has the new father fail to bring the Duke and the bear together.

The final crisis comes when the boss of the wrecking crew enters to blow up the theatre. He is touched by the situation and instructs his workers all to report sick in order to delay the demolition until the new family is able to move. Saroyan seems to be offering no short-range optimism, only the long-range hope that annihilation will be partial. But he does offer us stoic comfort in the words of the Queen: "I should be angry that we know nothing and that we cannot learn. But I am not . . . This is how it is . . . What's the world for? It's for putting up with—with grace. With pride even. Without excuses, without astonishment, without regret, without shame, without system and order—excepting grace and courtesy and—love. Right love and wrong, *any* and many."

The King adds that the human being speaks, sings, laughs because "We *don't* belong here. It's a cave. What are we doing in a cave? We're angels. What are we doing in bodies? For some reason we are trying our best, hopelessly, to pretend that we *are* in them, that we *belong* in them."

Fortunately, enjoyment of "The Cave Dwellers" doesn't really depend on such highly conjectural interpretation of its text. It lives on its compassion that surpasses understanding, and its humor.

AS USUAL Carmen Capalbo's directorial hand seems weak, but also as usual he has several performers outdoing themselves and in a fresh way. Perhaps this paradox is mirrored by the Queen who, after telling of a bad play in which she had to portray a girl torn between several confused courses of action, adds, "I was very good in that part."

As the Queen, Eugenie Leontovich gives the truest-ringing performance of her career. She is a divine mixture of elegance, fire, and plain-speaking as she demonstrates Mr. Saroyan's thesis that the theatre is something stirring and coming to life in the soul of the audience, "a smile, a memory, a reminder of an old forgotten truth, tender regret, kindness, love." Equally memorable is Gerald Hiken, who as the new father gets a genuine vitality into his antics with the bear. Wayne Morris is the epitome of courtesy and gentleness as the Duke, and Susan Harrison is properly waif-like as the girl. In the difficult role of the King, Barry Jones is admirable though possibly less dynamic than he might be.

Saroyan has included a personal touch in the parable of the ex-clown who fears he has lost his art and is too proud to admit it. After withdrawing from action by risking and losing his shoe in a bet that he can make some workers both laugh and cry with his old act, he swallows his pride to reclaim his shoe. Saroyan has done likewise by now bringing us for better or worse the most honest and mature new play he can write. It's a triumph. —HENRY HEWES.

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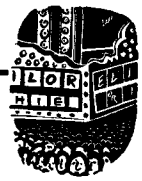

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Last Premiere

WORLD premieres for motion pictures are not quite what they used to be, and certainly no premiere since 1939 has rivaled that held for "Gone With the Wind" in Atlanta, when the fronts of movie houses were remodeled to conform with the architecture of buildings in the picture and when Vivien Leigh said, as a band marched by playing "Dixie," "Why, they're playing our song!" The big pictures these days are more likely to be made by enterprising independents who seldom want to lay out the extra cash for a lavish shindig (Mike Todd excepted), and who don't have a studio to absorb the cost as "overhead." But M-G-M, perhaps with an eye on its former glories and perhaps sensing that the time was ripe for a movie to be given the premiere treatment, decided to pull out several stops for the inaugural showing of **"Raintree County,"** a three-hour-and-five minute opus made from the Ross Lockridge, Jr. best-seller of 1948.

Why Louisville was selected for the great event is not totally clear; the story takes place in Indiana. However, a good deal of the location filming was done in Kentucky and, besides, it seems that Louisville had always wanted a premiere. The events were as follows: two plane loads of stars and representatives of the press converged on Louisville airport on October 1. As the good people stepped from the planes a high-school band began to play, and the mayor of Louisville made a speech (the first of several he made during the next forty-eight hours). A motorcade followed and crowds actually turned out to watch it. Then came a series of lunches, cocktail parties, and dinners at which speeches were made by M-G-M's special ambassador of good will, George Murphy, and by representatives of Kentucky's various chambers of commerce. Kentucky hospitality was praised by native and stranger alike. Someone paid a glowing tribute to the song, "My Old Kentucky Home." Others expanded on the glories of Ann Miller, Terry Moore, and Van Johnson—none of whom was in the picture.

Eva Marie Saint arrived in time for several interviews, but Elizabeth Taylor, with her well-known consort, arrived late and stole the show. The papers breathlessly reported that *they'd* had another quarrel on the plane. Crowds in star-starved Louisville gathered to catch glimpses of whomever they could catch glimpses of, and a publicity man kept saying: "You've got to admit it, these people are the royalty of America." Most of the royalty stayed away, however; the big stars are mainly free-lancers and no studio can command their presences unless it says so in the fine print. The lion roared in Louisville, all right, but it was not the big roar of yesteryear.

No one was quite convinced that "Raintree County" was another "Gone With the Wind," not even after seeing the picture, and there is no particular reason to compare them other than they both derive from big books, are set in the Civil War period, and are both long. The script is a greatly boiled-down version of the novel; it takes a stab at folklore and a stab at the Civil War, but it mostly concentrates on the loves of John Shawnessy (Montgomery Clift), an Indiana abolitionist schoolteacher. His first love is one of those patient Griselda types (played by Miss Saint), and his second is a New Orleans belle with delusions about her ancestry. She fears she has Negro blood in her veins. Elizabeth Taylor is both appealing and competent as she shows the girl's mental deterioration. The scenes in which she is involved—all with a haunted, sometimes macabre quality—are much the best in the picture. But while the performing is solid throughout, the story seems ponderous and slow-moving for too much of its length, and is certainly not helped by a lot of symbolical gobbledegook about a tree called the raintree.

* * *

When **"Pal Joey"** was done on the stage, Joey began as a heel and stayed a heel to the bitter end. And that helped give the musical its bitter, biting charm. Its excellent Rodgers and Hart score helped a great deal, and so did its lively production numbers. I give this brief review on the stage version only to show the opportunities missed by Columbia in adapting the work to film. There is, though, Frank Sinatra, who has the proper look for Joey and the proper manner, and what songs he sings he sings well—but the script has him go soft.

—HOLLIS ALPERT

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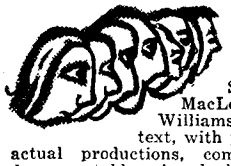

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2960 Broadway
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The People! Who Are They?

MR. JACK HEINTZ is a baron of Los Angeles broadcasting. Vice president and general manager of television station KCOP—he bears a striking spiritual resemblance to Lord Robert FitzWalter, leader of the English barons who wrested the Magna Charta from a reluctant King John. Baron FitzWalter (in an apocryphal but plausible conversation) was asked by an observer if he thought the people of England stood behind the barons in their feudal struggle with John. To which the noble lord answered: "The people? What mean ye by—the people?"

Baron Heintz of Hollywood is also immune to "the people." Recently he received in the mail a copy of a complaint filed before the FCC by NAFBRAT (National Association for Better Radio and Television), a nonprofit listener group actively working to raise program standards in radio and TV. The NAFBRAT complaint alleged that KCOP was not being operated in the public interest. It asserted that the station's total broadcasting schedule had been carefully monitored by the listener group for two weeks and found to violate FCC regulations concerning fairness in the presentation of controversial public issues. In addition, NAFBRAT claimed that KCOP was violating the broadcasting industry's own code of good practice by repeated broadcasts of programs involving Reverend Oral Roberts's "undocumented faith-healing"; by other programs featuring "commercial hynotism"; by excessive time allowed for sponsor messages; excessive crime, violence, and brutality in children's programs; and by accepting the sponsorship of a local car dealer who had been indicted on nineteen counts of forgery and grand theft in the conduct of his KCOP-advertised business.

Mrs. Clara S. Logan, president of NAFBRAT (I, myself, am a member of its Board of Directors), asked the FCC for a hearing to consider revocation of KCOP's license and also to examine its pending sale to a new owner group (reputedly including Bing Crosby) for $4,000,000. Baron Jack Heintz's reaction to this intrusion of "the folk" into his prerogatives was not, like that of his English spiritual predecessor, bafflement. It was sheer amazement that anybody but barons could be at all concerned with broadcasting. He at once sent telegrams to NAFBRAT's Executive Board, demanding to know whether its members knew of the complaint and approved it. The inference was clearly that the NAFBRAT action was merely the conspiracy of one woman. But the key baronialism is revealed in another part of the KCOP vice president's telegram. After briefly enumerating his station's "cooperative endeavors with the Los Angeles County Schools, the State Congress of Parent-Teachers Associations, our nominations by the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences for best entertainment, educational, cultural, and new programs," the broadcasting executive adds (italics mine): *"But I am sure that a person with interests in television is already aware of this."*

Presumably NAFBRAT is not aware of it. How could it be? On the great chessboard of broadcasting the rightful participants in the game are clearly identified—Congress, the FCC, the National Association of Radio and TV Broadcasters, the networks, the station owners, the sponsors, the agencies, the talent unions, etc. These are the persons with "interests in television—not "the people."

THIS baron's incapacity to grasp the role of "the people" is, however, not unique. It is shared by most of the other power elements in broadcasting. The massive ambiguity of the Federal Communications Act makes it almost an impossibility that the FCC will revoke this station's license. No license revocation has ever taken place for program cause in the commission's history. Still, Baron Heintz would do well to re-read Section 301 of the Communications Act. It provides for the "use" of radio and TV channels and not for "ownership thereof" for limited periods of time. Licenses originally were granted for six months, then one year, then three years. Now the industry is requesting a five-year license period. One can hardly blame the barons for thinking in terms of "ownership." But NAFBRAT has demonstrated that "the people"—in this case, an alert, vigorous group of West Coast women—can, if they wish, dramatically reassert their true proprietorship.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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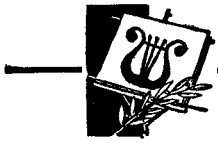

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Falla's "Vida Breve," also V. de los Angeles

BY ANGLO-SAXON reckoning, it is the short life which is the merry one, but it would be a mistake to apply this aphorism to Manuel de Falla's "La Vida Breve," which had its first New York performance in nearly thirty years at the City Center recently. Both in philosophy and theatre, the Spaniards prefer to believe that the happy life is long, and the sad one short, a thesis fully exemplified by the tearful time of it that Salud and her gypsy companions of the Carlos Fernandez-Shaw text "enjoy."

The simple story of a gypsy girl who believes in her faithless lover Paco, even on the eve of his wedding to another, is extended by song and dance to two acts. Much of it is absorbing and some of it is beautiful, but gaiety is as foreign to it as the real Spain is to Bizet's "Carmen." If the City Center can afford the luxury of putting it on (amid scenery borrowed from the Teatro Licea in Barcelona) we can reciprocate with a cordial "Thank you" if not with an all-out "Well done."

Nobody, certainly, could complain of insufficient Spanish quality, for it was conducted by José Iturbi, with Consuelo Rubio, one of Spain's better sopranos, making her American debut as Salud. This is a curiously written part, with a center of vocal gravity around E and F, but taxing excursions to the soprano top and the mezzo bottom at the composer's whim. Recalling that Lucrezia Bori sang the part when it was given at the Metropolitan in 1925, one would surmise that Rubio's voice is heavy for it. But the writing is not all of a piece, and there were moments when it wanted all her weight to offset Falla's orchestral writing. Rubio made a suitable picture as the jilted gypsy, but she has not much skill as an actress. Her best assistance came from Mignon Dunn (the Grandmother), a woman with a substantial voice who uses it well. Richard Cassily's voice was rather bleak, wanting in focused power for the music of Paco, the quality provided by Hernan Pelayo in the small role of the Singer being more to the point. Iturbi's direction had the vitality and fervor long associated with his musical personality, though balances were not always favorably arranged.

To a degree, "La Vida Breve" suffered by being placed second to "El Amor Brujo" (the original order was opposite). In economy of statement and taste of coloration, this has long been regarded as close to Falla's best score. The mere fact that it was joined to some vaguely organized choreography by Antonio Triana did not deprive the music of its customary effect. It did not profit from Triana's own participation as Carmelo, for dancers age as other interpreters merely mature. Terisita Osta, in the lesser role of Lucia, made a better impression than Rita Vega as the bewitched Candelas. Gloria Lane's voice has neither the weight nor intensity wanted for the important part it plays in the total effect. The colorful, if somewhat conventional, scenery also was borrowed from Barcelona.

HAD all the Latin emphasis of the week been properly organized, Victoria de los Angeles might have contributed her artistry to "La Vida Breve" rather than confining herself to a song recital in Carnegie Hall. However, in one place or the other, Miss de los Angeles reminded us—after an absence of one full season—that her artistry personifies the finest vocal standards of the present day. Whether it is Handel's "If I had Jubel's Lyre," Brahms's "Mainacht," or Respighi's "Nebbie," her sound is unfailingly beautiful, true to the pitch, and artistically manipulated. Not for her are equivocal slides from one tone to another, scoops as a kind of vocal social security, or calculated approaches from below. The troublefree throat retains its full health, and at some moments—as in an aria from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris"—expanded to an outpouring of sound not previously associated with her.

Having said as much, it remains to be added that there was little variation of quality or coloration between Scarlatti's "Le Violette" (charmingly sung) and Pizzetti's "I Pastori," or Brahms's "Dein blaues Auge" and Respighi's "Stornellatrice." Miss de los Angeles is well aware that there are stylistic differences between Italian art songs and German lieder, but one has the feeling that "interpretation" is added to them when everything else has been adjusted. The consequence is a kind of emotional veneer, very close to the surface and not quite genuine. In addition to a generous sampling of Spanish material by Vives, Falla, and J. Rodrigo (two new Christmas songs), she showed her command of French with the choice of Delibes' "Bonjour Suzon" as an encore. Paul Berl's piano playing, as in the past, is no less than competent, but much less than a singer of Miss de los Angeles's attainment deserves.

Also of Latin derivation was pianist Jorge Bolet, whose program for a Carnegie recital was limited to works of three composers: the C minor variations of Beethoven, the B flat sonata of Schubert, and a group of "Transcendental Etudes" by Liszt. Connoisseurs of pianistic niceties consider this Cuban-born performer among today's elite, but the wider implications of Beethoven or Schubert were only partially realized. To play the Schubert B flat sonata is certainly to serve music rather than self, but Bolet's tonal production is too chilly and prosaic for the warmth and humanity of this writing.

FOR its first full week of concerts, the Philharmonic was under the direction of Thomas Schippers, rather than Dimitri Mitropoulos, who is already occupied elsewhere after the strike-delayed opening of last Saturday. Schippers shared his opportunity with pianist Louis Kentner, who chose Bartok's Third Piano Concerto for the mid-week programs, and the Liszt A major for the Sunday broadcast. Anyone looking to these performances for substantiation of merits attributed to Kentner at his recital debut a year ago would have looked in vain.

The reasons, however, were not the same in both instances. Kentner played the Bartok as one completely at home with it, less concerned with its problems than its proclamations. He was in every way qualified to act as intermediary between creator and listener, with no difficulties to dissuade him from conveying the content as he saw it. However, this is a work of delicate adjustments and intricate relationship of solo and ensemble elements. Schippers lacked command of the work's texture to give Kentner the assistance to which he was entitled. The soloist did his best work in the fanciful slow movement (one of Bartok's best), in which he is less dependent on conductorial discretion. As for the Liszt, it is a weakish, showy piece in which Kentner's superior musical attributes have little validity.

Schippers showed some growth over previous years in his communication with the orchestra, especially in the Second Symphony of Sibelius. However, Carnegie Hall, and a concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra, is no place for a conductor to learn the job of accompaniment. But one can commend him for honorable intentions, even if a true marriage of minds seems a long way off. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Paradise Lost

NICOSIA, CYPRUS.

IT WAS somewhat disquieting, while in mid-flight over the Mediterranean on the way to Cyprus the other day, to read in the English-language *Athens News* of a visit to that place of travail by Tom Driberg, vice-chairman of the British Labour Party.

"It takes far longer . . . to get into or out of Cyprus than it does to get in or out of the Soviet Union," wrote Mr. Driberg. "On the way out each bag was opened and rummaged through. This happens to everyone leaving by air," reported the Labourite, "even the Governor—not because they suspect him of carrying bombs or other contraband, but because luggage passes through various Cypriot hands, one of which might slip into a bag a bomb that however small could wreck a pressurized plane."

I looked about the pressurized cabin of the Viscount. It contained British civil servants, Greek Cypriots, American and Swiss tourists en route to Israel, and me. With great good fortune there was no explosion, and as if to help maintain that record, when we landed at Nicosia transient passengers and all their belongings were removed from the plane so the customary search could start from scratch. A soldier with drawn bayonet stood at the runway. Concertinas of barbed wire stretched out behind him. Beyond that barrier no Cypriot goes. The RAF services and loads all aircraft landing at Cyprus. The security check is at the airport, then there is a five-mile ride to the customs shed. The bus backs into it and a wire gate swings shut. But the check is brief, on the inbound run anyway, and the bus trundles off to the Ledra Palace Hotel.

After Driberg and the douane, the Ledra Palace was, at first look, a clay-colored Moorish mirage. It was so new. The floors gleamed with a high polish. The service snapped with a precision I hadn't noticed in Greece. It was Sunday night, and in the pebbled garden behind the hotel an Italian dance-band resplendent in plaid jackets and white flannels played for a packed floor. It dipped deep into the barrel and came up with memories of a Princeton Triangle Club show of the mid-Thirties. It dipped again and came up with hot licks blown from a clarinet that caromed into a black Mediterranean night that

had only lately rung with bombs. Dancing at the Ledra Palace, an island pleasantry which the management had stopped when EOKA partisans tossed a bomb in the ballroom in November 1955, had commenced again in June. All summer long Greek Cypriots, Armenian Cypriots, itinerant Turks, and visiting British civil servants, officers, and soldiers, always in civilian dress, crowded the Palace gardens over the week-ends, anesthetized from the pains of the struggle by the sweet ether of jasmine, diverted by the music, reminded of the lush ways of peace by the white-gloved service.

Behind the garden restaurant stood a tennis court, and beyond that was a tree-shaded nook where a cook tended a charcoal fire, a bartender kept watch on an outlying bar, and lovers and revolutionaries could walk and talk and whisper in a park where the fallout from the Italian dance band was innocuous and dim.

With its piney hill resorts a cool refuge in the broiling summer of the Near East, its delightful seaside towns colorful and cheap, its ruins and relics left by the Venetians, its Cypriot mores both Greek and Turkish, its legends of Aphrodite and Othello, Cyprus has long been a Mediterranean Bali Ha'i. While only forty miles from Turkey it is also only 100 from Beirut and 200 from Tel Aviv. When the trouble came in the Near East it was an easy transfer point for those circumventing the border restrictions that existed between Israel and the Arab states. Money poured in, and a syndicate headed by a Greek living in Alexandria built the Ledra Palace in 1949. The Regina Palace in downtown Nicosia was built a few years later, and other hotels sprung up by the sea. Even so, hotel rooms were at a premium until EOKA, the Cypriot nationalist group, went to war with the British in 1955.

In the uneasy truce that exists now between EOKA and the British, U.K. soldiers can walk Ledra Street at their crisp, hob-nail-clacking pace without fear of meeting a bomb at the nearest corner. Indeed, British wives push prams into a shop that calls itself the British Grocery, past severe Greek priests in the black gowns and black beards and high black hats, past bicycling school girls in jumpers, and peasants in the pleated baggy knickers that are a badge of the Eastern bazaars. Shops offer the famed Lefkaritika lace made in the village of Lefkara and sold by its industrious males throughout the markets of Europe.

And on Onassagoras Street it is possible to pick up authentic antiquities as souvenirs. The museum has first choice of the finds, but so many relics remain on the island that the curator not only permits the export of some historical items, but the museum itself has on occasion sold ancient pottery and jewelry to the public.

Stretching around Nicosia is a massive wall built by the Venetians. The moat is a park where children play and cypresses and eucalyptus, cactus, and palms grow. A giant Coca-Cola bottle grows out of the roof of a corner kiosk, Alka Seltzer for the island's malaise is advertised on a canopy, and Max Factor's enhancements to island beauty, shipped all the way from Hollywood, are advertised on the wire screen of a cafe. Where the road crosses over the moat and breaches the walls is a sign that says the city is off limits to British troops from a minute before midnight until six in the morning, a reminder of only yesterday when Ledra Street was known as Murder Mile.

BACK in the Dimotiki Agora, the native market is a churning casbah where old brown men with white beards sell green lemons, and push-carts offer *mahalepi,* sweet rice cakes that are equally popular with the flies. Strolling bakers peddle *koulouria,* which are like bagels with sesame seeds, and by the side of the road the merchants display barrels of nuts and herbs, bright green olives fresh from the tree, raisins and almonds and lumpy island pears called *kydonia.*

The Turks number 18 per cent of the island's population and in the Turkish quarter they sit by their stalls in red fez and red sash more colorful than the Turks I remember in Istanbul. For here in their cafes they sit puffing the hubbly-bubbly, circling a scarlet Coca-Cola cooler like New England villagers around a pot-bellied stove in Vermont. Busts

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of Atatürk stand in rows on the shelf and the smoke curls up in the street from the rolling shish-kebab stands that ply the Turkish alleys.

It is eighteen miles over good, hard, British-built roads to the seaport of Kyrenia, long favored by retired British colonels who found in its colorful coves and walls, its quietude and its low-cost of living a secluded and peaceful nook in which to pass the declining years. It is now populated with more Britons than any Briton ever anticipated. The de-luxe Dome Hotel, on the water, has been taken over by the British NAAFI, a counterpart of our USO, and the other two hotels are inhabited by British military officers and police officers imported from the U.K. The Harbor Club, up a cobbled path from the wharf, overlooks the sailboats that bob in the bay, waiting for week-end regattas which are still held. Morning coffee, milk-shakes, and home-made cakes are offered by The Mad Hatter. The turrets of Kyrenia Castle, built by the Byzantines, strength-

CYPRUS NOTEBOOK

- The first British soldiers on the island came under the flag of Richard I of England, who conquered it in 1191. It was given to the Lusignans, was annexed by Venice, who lost it to the Turks, who ceded it to the British.
- In 1914 Britain offered Cyprus outright to Greece in return for Greek support against Bulgaria and Germany. Greece refused. Britain formally annexed the island that year.
- Greek flags flew over Greek schools and over churches. They still fly over churches.
- The U.S. operates a State Department radio relay station at Yerolikos, ten miles west of Nicosia.
- The U.S. operates a radio monitoring station at Karavas, ten miles from Kryenia.
- The U.S. consular official killed in the terror wave was eating dinner at the Little Soho, a restaurant operated by a Hungarian across the street from the new Regina Palace Hotel. He died when EOKA partisans threw a bomb inside. It was a place frequented by British.
- An official of Louis Tourist Agency, the leading travel bureau on the island, says tourism isn't quiet, "it's dead." The last Americans were a Hemphill tour out of California which stopped here in the course of a Holy Land trip. It took twenty-four days for them to clear a transit visa. The O.K. came through just before they arrived. —H. S.

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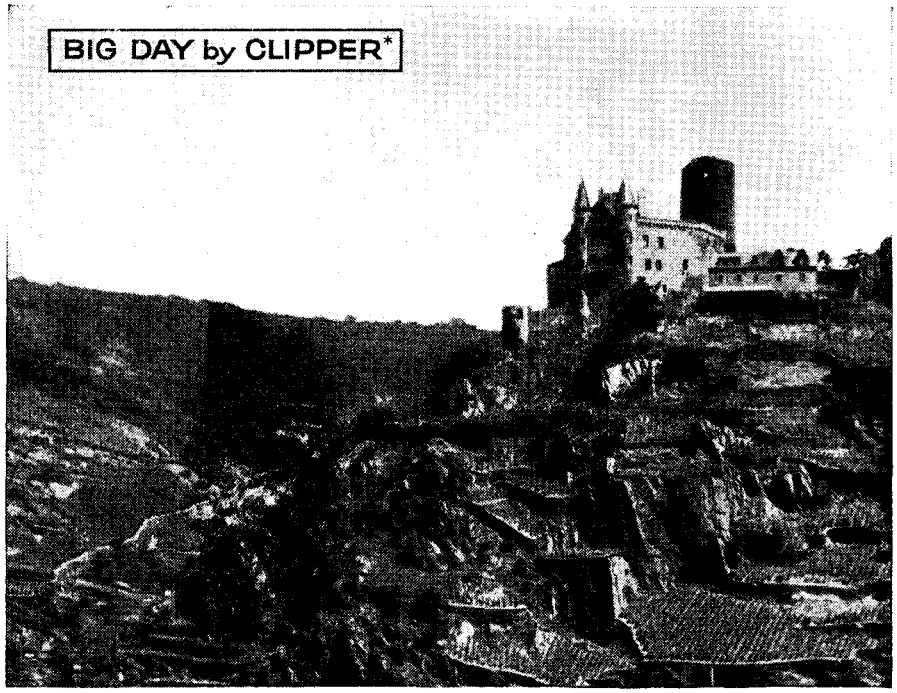

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ened by the Lusignans and the Venetians, stormed finally by the Turks, and used by plane spotters in World War II, is a romantic buttress by the water. And out beyond the shoals is the slim gray line of a British destroyer, a floating dissuader to those who would run arms in the night.

Famagusta is a fascinating nest on the Eastern shore, a town of ruins and Turks and beach. The Turks, who are 3,000, live in the old town and play *tavli* and smoke their hookahs in the open square in front of the strange spectacle of a Gothic church which has been transformed into a mosque, complete with appended minaret. The walls of Famagusta, which are fifty feet high and two feet thick and which were built by the Venetians, are used now by the British forces to seal off the harbor operations in a way that barbed wire concertinas seal off the Nicosia airport from hands that inspired by patriotism might turn to sabotage. One turret is called the Tower of Othello, on the theory that Shakespeare did, after all, mention "a seaport in Cyprus," and what more probable playground exists for the machinations of Desdemona, Iago, and Othello? To substantiate the notion, there are the freighters that sail out of Famagusta called *Desdemona* and *Iago,* and there is the red Cypriot wine which is called Othello. (The white is called Aphrodite, who was born in the foam off the coast of Paphos on the west coast of the island.)

A mile south of the ancient ruins of Famagusta is a new town called Varosha by the Greeks and Marash by the Turks. A narrow sandy beach winds for several miles along the coast, past seaside cafes and small hotels called the Florida and the King George. One of the handsomest of the inns is the Hotel Constantia, a forty-three-room seaside lodging built in 1952. Here the tourists come from Turkey, Syria, and Iraq, and Americans journey down from the oil fields of Saudi Arabia. Orange trees blossom and white-tassel cane waves in the soft sea wind. Swimming starts in April and never ends until the finish of October. For $6 there is a room and bath, early morning tea, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner, not to mention a terrace that looks across the sea towards the Holy Land. Even at that, old Cypriot hands say that rents have tripled in the past five years. Once the island was docile, cheap, colorful, soft, and unhurried, a place in which to curl up and retire. "You should have been here two years ago," Cypriots are forever saying. "It was a paradise." And foreign voices unpossessed of partisan fervor for long years fanned by the progenitors of pan-Hellenism look back on the paradise that was and give a weary answer. "Why didn't you leave it that way?"

—Horace Sutton.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HOME-GROWN

Here are the names of twenty American composers and, scrambled, the names of twenty operas, all written during this century, and all produced save for one which is scheduled for the new season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Robert K. McKenzie of Worcester, Massachusetts, asks you to assign the correct opera to the correct composer. Answers on page 33.

1. Samuel Barber	( )	"The Devil and Daniel Webster"
2. William Bergsma	( )	"Four Saints in Three Acts"
3. Leonard Bernstein	( )	"The Jumping Frog"
4. Marc Blitzstein	( )	"The King's Henchman"
5. Charles Cadman	( )	"The Wife of Martin Guerre"
6. Aaron Copland	( )	"Merrymount"
7. Rafaello de Banfield	( )	"Trouble in Tahiti"
8. Norman Dello Joio	( )	"The Tender Land"
9. Carlisle Floyd	( )	"Porgy and Bess"
10. Lukas Foss	( )	"Street Scene"
11. George Gershwin	( )	"Regina"
12. Peggy Glanville-Hicks	( )	"La Grande Bretèche"
13. Howard Hanson	( )	"Susannah"
14. Stanley Hollingsworth	( )	"The Trial at Rouen"
15. Gian Carlo Menotti	( )	"The Transposed Heads"
16. Douglas Moore	( )	"The Consul"
17. Deems Taylor	( )	"Vanessa"
18. Virgil Thomson	( )	"Shanewis"
19. Robert Ward	( )	"Lord Byron's Love Letter"
20. Kurt Weill	( )	"Pantaloon"

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History of Our Species

In ***"Man: His First Million Years," by Ashley Montagu*** *(World Publishing Co. 249 pp. $3.75), a widely known writer on anthropology attempts to trace the development of the human species from its beginnings to its present state. Our reviewer, Edward E. Hunt, Jr., is a lecturer in anthropology at Harvard University.*

By Edward E. Hunt, Jr.

ONE of the best-known publicists for anthropology in the English-speaking world is Ashley Montagu. His literary output is prodigious for a writer on technical subjects—his words in print outnumber the subscribers in the Boston telephone directory; he has written learned and valuable articles on human anatomy, fossil man, adolescent sterility, and the history of anthropological thought; and he has also made a major contribution to the famous UNESCO Statement on Race, which is a trenchant document on why racial discrimination should be curbed in the modern world. Mr. Montagu also possesses a crusader's intent to prove the supreme importance of loving-kindness in the social life of animals and the evolution of man and his works.

Mr. Montagu's newly published "Man: His First Million Years" is a far more traditional book than some of his other popular works. The subject matter is very like that of the many college texts in the field but it is somewhat reduced and simplified in scope. Despite its cultivation of well-tilled ground, it seems to have been written in haste, and some of Mr. Montagu's assertions will not be received with equanimity by specialists.

Mr. Montagu maintains, for example, that the original home of the primates must have been North America, that man and the apes and monkeys of the Old World "no doubt" were descended from New World monkeys, and that Neanderthal man had a larger average brain size than has modern man.

In his discussion of the adaptive values of racial physical features, he says that the abundant sweat of dark-skinned peoples protects them against the dangerous light rays of the sun. His interpretation of broad and narrow noses is connected with climatic temperatures, whereas it seems more likely that humidity is the more critical atmospheric variable to which human noses have become adapted.

Mr. Montagu writes: "In America, mating between whites and Negroes and the preference of darker Negroes for lighter Negro females tends to lighten, in the long run, Negro skin color." This mating preference is well demonstrated, especially in successful Negro men, but its relevance to long-term changes in Negro coloration is beyond this reviewer. The critical question here is whether the loss of pale Negroes through "passing" into the white population is outweighed by the influx of white genes through concomitant interracial mating. More than thirty years ago, Herskovits estimated that Negro moral standards are such that the trend was toward darkening. This issue could probably be solved by samplings of blood group gene frequencies of both Negro and white Americans for several generations.

Mr. Montagu also states that brunets of one sex tend to marry blonds of the other, and that this process is one which tends to keep human groups heterogeneous in coloration. Actually, some published evidence shows that, in pigmentation, at least some white ethnic groups exhibit a slight tendency for like to marry like.

In the field of languages, Mr. Montagu states that American Indians use no gestures except when they are using the famous sign language of the Plains tribes. Actually, the Plains Indians use the sign language in part as a reinforcement of spoken utterances.

—From "Man: His First Million Years."

"Man: His First Million Years" improves considerably toward the end. The chapter on "Mythology and Philosophy" is mainly a rescension of Paul Radin's masterpiece, "Primitive Man as Philosopher." It has beautifully-chosen quotations from the spoken words of men in tribal societies and it has much poetic beauty and sensitivity. Even with its flaws Mr. Montagu's entire book has a humane tone and a respect for alien peoples which are the core of anthropology's message to the world.

The author has the laudable aim of taming the human beast and of persuading him to live more amicably with his fellows. We may debate whether the "boundaries which formerly separated people are crumbling before our eyes," as he puts it on the final page of his book. But one of the chief ends of anthropology is to transport us across these boundaries in spirit, and thereby to promote goodwill among men.

RUINS AND RELICS: The romance of archeology owes much of its current vogue to writers like Ivan Lissner who make the remote past seem more exciting than the present. Dr. Lissner's new book, **"The Living Past"** (Putnams, $5.95), is colorful, authentic, and exciting. The majestic ruins of Angkor Wat, the Ainu people of Japan, and the Easter Island script, among other archeological examples, particularly fascinate him. The speculation that 99 per cent of the world's ancient cities remain unexcavated excites him to a fervor that communicates itself to the reader.

In a writer so appreciative of new vistas, it is surprising to note two constricting prejudices. Dr. Lissner assigns an excessive importance to written records as clues to past civilizations and probably exaggerates the revelations yet to come from scripts still to be deciphered. His second limitation, stemming from the first, is more serious. Working in the high intellectual tradition, he tends to ignore the low pragmatic tradition and his extensive bibliography includes relatively few studies on ancient technology. He prefers to treat the Pyramids, the Great Wall of China, and the Inca road system as marvels rather than try to explain them in terms of ancient engineering methods. But it is captious to chide a book for what it does not tell, the more so when what it does include is so entertaining.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

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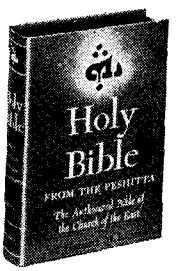

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AMERICANA

Picturesque America: 500 Years

"Diary of America," edited by Josef and Dorothy Berger (Simon & Schuster. 621 pp. $6.95), offers a collection of excerpts from little-known journals covering nearly 500 years of American life. Our reviewer, Roger Butterfield, is the author of the pictorial history "The American Past" and co-editor of "The Saturday Evening Post *Treasury."*

By Roger Butterfield

IT IS an important service which Josef and Dorothy Berger have performed by bringing together in their "Diary of America" charming and significant excerpts from a hundred intimate personal journals which describe nearly 500 years of life in America. Clearly, too, the enthusiasm of the editors, who have had an exciting time digging into a rich vein of America, is contagious. Time and again they say in their introduction that they have felt like prefacing one or another of their selections with these words: "But you really ought to read more of this. Please, we don't have room for all of it here, but there are so many good parts—just forget our anthology and go get the book."

This is good advice, and doubtless many readers will be moved to follow it. But a number of these original diaries are multi-volume affairs, and most of them are printed only in limited editions or in out-of-the-way scholarly journals. Now, in their volume, the Bergers have provided a fine, lusty, comprehensive collection which is full of fresh and exuberant highlights. Among the writers are early explorers, Colonial scalp hunters, lovers in velvet coats and homespun, soldiers of every rank and every war, several Presidents, frontier farmers and their wives, and even a few villains and murderers. Henry Thoreau writes about his Concord neighbors and a Madison Avenue philosopher tells what it feels like to write a successful advertisement. Christopher Columbus records his own first impressions of the New World and Simone de Beauvoir, a much later arrival, discovers modern Manhattan.

Most of the classic American diarists are included: the Puritan Samuel Sewall, brooding over Salem witchcraft; the Quaker John Woolman and the prolific Yankee Adamses; the urbane Knickerbocker Philip Hone; the gadfly Pennsylvania Senator William Maclay; the poetic Confederate wife Mary Chesnut; the brisk New Dealer Harold Ickes. There are vivid eyewitness accounts of the Boston massacre, the California gold rush, the dying Lincoln, the invasion of Hitler's Europe, and many other historic events.

"I'm getting out of here!"

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A keen eye for the picturesque has led the editors to include a few items that belong more to folklore than to history, such as Davy Crockett's alleged description of the fighting at the Alamo (where he was killed), and a curious 1859 account of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty" speech of 1775.

Some of the most fascinating excerpts describe no events at all, but only the flavor of life as it has been lived in many eras of America. A New England girl of the 1790s jots down a daily record of her weaving and dress-making activities; a Yonkers schoolboy of the 1940s writes frankly of puppy love and jazz parties. One of the most touching diaries is that of William Brown, an early Wisconsin farmer who had nothing much to tell about except gathering turnips and castrating pigs. Finally, when something seemed likely to happen, it didn't quite come off, as related in his diary entry for November 13, 1845:

> "Steam Boat *Otter* arrived; did not stop . . ."

In our day diary-keeping has become a public and often a well-paid profession; every daily newspaper columnist is essentially a follower of Samuel Pepys. There are excerpts in this book from such latter-day experts as Heywood Broun, F.P.A., and Will Rogers. (There is none, rather unaccountably, from Eleanor Roosevelt, whose "My Day" is the only example of a public diary by a President's wife. Neither is anything included from Harry Truman's diary which, from the few excerpts that have been published, will some day make far more interesting reading than his rather stilted memoirs.)

In an age of total communication, with its wire services and wiretappers and televised Senate investigations, one sometimes wonders whether there is any history or gossip left to tuck away in the pages of a diary. Of course there is; I feel sure the best diaries of the last twenty, thirty, or maybe even fifty years are still to be discovered and/or published. More than a hundred years ago Mayor Philip Hone of New York wrote in his voluminous diary these words: "It has become a habit with me to write [here] and it affords me pleasure. . . . My children, if they revere the memory of their father, will in turning over the pages of this book have something to remind them of him—something that will 'prate of his whereabouts' and inform them how he thought and what he did 'about these times.'" As long as men and women cherish intimations like these, they will go on writing good diaries.

Gladys Brooks—of "ascetic ladies."

Renowned Ladies

"Three Wise Virgins," by Gladys Brooks *(Dutton. 244 pp. $4), is a study of three nineteenth-century American spinsters who were renowned for their strong minds and good works. Our reviewer, Madeleine B. Stern, is the author of biographies of Margaret Fuller and of Louisa May Alcott.*

By Madeleine B. Stern

IN the newly published "Three Wise Virgins," Gladys Brooks has written of three exemplary nineteenth-century American spinsters who practised "the lonely art of sublimation" and dedicated their lives to good works. Their names: Dorothea Dix, Elizabeth Peabody, and Catharine Sedgwick.

These ascetic ladies could never have lived together in harmony, but they had much in common. All three voluntarily chose a life of celibacy and electing as their spiritual husband the Unitarian divine, William Ellery Channing, under whose gentle aegis they were led to a belief in man's perfectibility. This belief they strove to realize by their own struggles and sacrifices. While none was a militant feminist, all were conscientious professionals in their fields. Their *modus vivendi* exemplified plain living and high thinking and included both a serious preoccupation with the state of the soul and an equally serious grand tour of Europe. (For, while the ladies refused to capitulate to the will of man, they had no qualms about capitulating to the dictates of their own conscience.)

Dorothea Dix, who revolutionized

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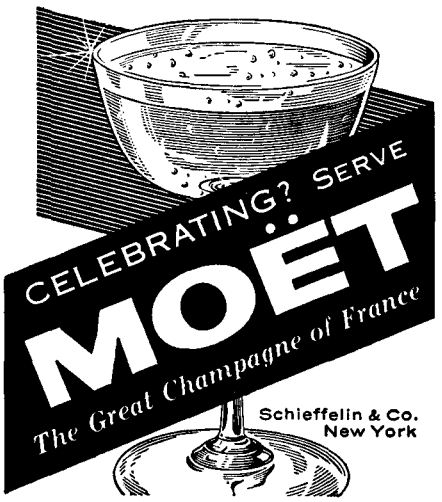

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the status of the insane, leads the trio in Mrs. Brooks's book. The daughter of an itinerant preacher, Dorothea ran away from home to her grandmother's, became a schoolmistress at fourteen, suffered a broken engagement, and soon entered upon the *curriculum vitae* of Bible reading before breakfast and work until after midnight. For her, "bodily suffering" was "spiritual joy," and introspection an art she learned to master. With the supervision of a Bible class in the East Cambridge jail, her career properly began. Visits to almshouses, prisons, and workhouses followed, attended by Miss Dix's various Memorials to the Legislature and her campaigns for new hospitals for the insane. Her journey to Europe was marked by "rounds of horror," for this particular "American invader" continued her good works on that continent, where she organized hospitals for the insane and remonstrated with Pope Pius IX about the state of the asylum in Rome. During the Civil War she became Superintendent of Women Nurses, an office she held without pay but with considerable effectiveness, and at the war's end she continued her travels, supervising asylums and accosting strangers all over the land in behalf of her cause.

The second of Mrs. Brooks's triumvirate is Elizabeth Peabody, pioneer kindergartner. Like Miss Dix, she was closely associated with Channing, writing his sermons from memory while he read aloud to her in French! Like Miss Dix, too, she was far in advance of her times with her "Progressive System" of teaching. The highspots of her life are touched off: her work with Alcott in the Temple School; her relations with Hawthorne, whom she tried (unsuccessfully) "to manage"; her West Street bookshop and her publication of *The Dial;* her friendship with Horace Mann; her Boston kindergarten based upon Froebel's methods. She, too, undertook a professional European tour and for the remainder of her life advanced the teaching of the young in this country.

The trio of biographies concludes with the career of Catharine Sedgwick, author of sentimental, didactic novels who received considerable adulation during her lifetime but who thought "The House of the Seven Gables" "an affliction," and "Wuthering Heights" a "waste of talent." Less militant than Dorothea Dix or Elizabeth Peabody, Miss Sedgwick followed a way of life that alternated between admirable domesticity and the writing of a long succession of tales. As daughter, sister and aunt, she demonstrated the love that was "the habit of the household." As novelist, she created a bevy of virtuous heroines in "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie," "Clarence" and "The Linwoods." Like the wise virgins with whom she had been banded, she fell under Channing's gracious sway and enjoyed a triumphal tour of Europe. Both her life and works were exemplary.

The careers of exemplary heroines,

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however, do not of themselves make for the liveliest reading. The most artistic skills are required to highlight the color of such lives as these. While Mrs. Brooks has introduced graphic pictures of the horrors observed by Dorothea Dix and has given us an excellent summary of the early kindergarten movement, she has failed to grasp many opportunities that would have heightened the drama of her biographies. For, in all three lives there were color and drama: Dorothea Dix at the White House or in audience with Pope Pius IX; the many friendships enjoyed by these dedicated women: Elizabeth Peabody's with Washington Allston and the Alcotts, Catharine Sedgwick's with Bryant and Fanny Kemble. Such material lends itself to vivid treatment. But Mrs. Brooks has given us three lives too sparsely told, without any real attempt at reanimating the past. Documentation and index which would have added to the usefulness of the book are lacking. She has relied too heavily upon her sources, especially upon Miss Sedgwick's letters to her family. "We are told" is an expression too frequently used by the author, whose readers wish rather to *see* the background of those exciting times, the pageant of people whose lives crossed those of the three wise virgins.

THE FIRE OF CANNON: American artillery, from colonial times to the atomic age, is the subject of Fairfax Downey's new book, **"Sound of the Guns"** (McKay, $5.50). And it is not organizational growth that he deals with, but the artillery in action. The guns roar continuously as the major battles of American history pass in dramatic review—the siege of Louisbourg in 1745, Washington's triumph at Yorktown, Jackson's victory at New Orleans, the great artillery duels of the Civil War—on through the development of scientifically-controlled massive firepower during the two world wars and after. Understandably, the narrative grows a little sketchy as the author reaches the modern campaigns on which there has been relatively little research and much controversy. The Korean war, for example, is handled gingerly, with the name of General Douglas MacArthur figuring when victories are won but missing when the UN forces suffer defeat. Lightly treated also is the story of the modern weapons: atomic cannon and guided missiles. —HAL BRIDGES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 16, 18, 10, 17, 2, 13, 3, 6, 11, 20, 4, 14, 9, 8, 12, 15, 1, 5, 7, 19.

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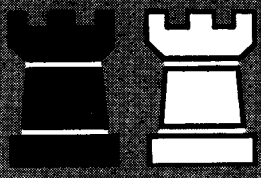

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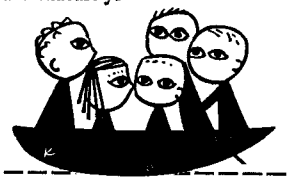

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Personal History

Continued from page 19

among the islands, with a painter's sense of color and a fierce raciness. He writes wonderfully about a shark fight in the Celebes. From Bali he went to France, as other men might take a train to Suburbia. Blisters developed on his skin, and thinking he had developed syphilis, he went to Mont St. Michel with the intention of losing himself in the soft quicksands of the Normandy coast. His life was spared. There was no syphilis. It was a bug he had caught in the tropics. The wandering went on: to Africa, to Nepal, to Mombasa, to wherever there was adventure.

When World War II broke out, he joined the Free French forces of General Leclerc in French Equatorial Africa, fought with them across North Africa, Italy, and France, and took part in the terrible last ditch battle of the Colmar pocket in Alsace. Here perhaps he is at his best. His swift, clean, urgent style is admirably equipped to deal with war, which he both hated and enjoyed, just as later he hated and enjoyed the early post-war horrors of Indo-China before the bigger horrors set in. Then he was off again into the jungles, to Devil's Island, Central Africa, the Ivory Coast, and the land of the Yakoubas and of the dancing Kings. So he goes on, cine-camera in one hand and sling-shot in the other, describing with grace and accuracy the world he has loved. "The world, this singing place" he says once, and it seems to have sung to him with full voice through the greater part of his life.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 749

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 749 will be found in the next issue.

DIG STOP FIR KIFOPARPC

T BTF EPKTGNP DIG

STOP NLMPFKPC SLB.

BIAMPD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 748
There is something about a closet that makes a skeleton terribly restless.

—WILSON MIZNER.

—*From the book jacket.*

Ross—"courage and determination."

The Toughest Fights

"No Man Stands Alone," by Barney Ross and Martin Abramson *(J. B. Lippincott. 256 pp. $3.95), tells the true-life story of the struggles of a well-known prize-fighter with drug addiction, gangsterism, religion, and, almost incidentally, prize-fighting.*

By Harold U. Ribalow

IN 1925, James J. Corbett, heavyweight champion of the world, wrote his autobiography, "The Roar of the Crowd," and since then prize fighters have been telling their life histories to fascinated fans of these strong and brave men. Since those days, however, these ring histories have differed. They are, to begin with, ghost-written, and they stress nefarious and infamous activities outside the ring rather than startling events within it. Rocky Graziano's autobiography of a few years ago stressed his delinquency, his prison record, and his return to respectability far more than it did his gloved fights. Henry Armstrong's recent autobiography played up alcoholism and God. And now we have Barney Ross's "No Man Stands Alone, the True Story of Barney Ross" (written with Martin Abramson, who gets bigger billing on the jacket than does Ross). It is a book which devotes only about one-third of the story to the prize ring; its emphasis is on drug addiction, gangsterism, war service with the Marines and, almost incidentally, Ross's bouts in the ring.

The second bout between Ross and Tony Canzoneri and the first one with Jimmy McLarnin, as well as the final one with Henry Armstrong, are described in detail. The rest are

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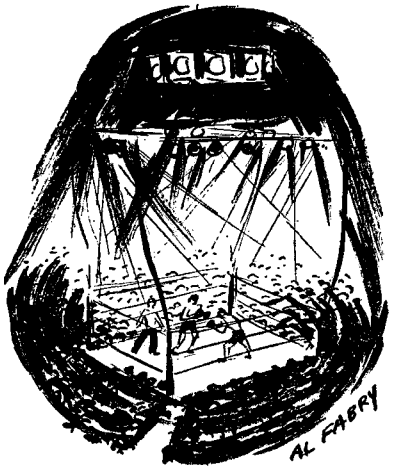
taken care of in a few lines, for Barney has a long story to tell. When Barney was fourteen and living in the Jewish section of Chicago, his father was shot and killed by two hoodlums who held up the poor grocery store from which the older Ross (or Rasofsky) eked out his living. Isidore Rasofsky was a pious man, a Talmudic scholar, a kind-hearted, generous Jew unable to make a comfortable living in a highly competitive United States. But he taught his religion to his children, including young Barney. Although the parents and five children all lived in one miserable room, there was love, affection, and understanding for all the children and none of them felt deprived of anything important—until the father was murdered. Barney then lost his faith in God (for he could not understand the senseless killing and it hurt him terribly to see his mother suffer a nervous breakdown and some of the younger children sent to an orphanage). He became a wild street boy, tried to win employment with the gangster Al Capone, who controlled so much of Chicago, and otherwise did what he could to earn enough money to get his brothers and sister out of the orphanage.

He drifted into amateur fighting. A thin, scrawny boy, Barney was fast afoot and quick with his hands. He impressed the fight mob with his courage and determination. Soon, he became a golden glover and in a few years a top professional. He had reached his goal: his family was brought together, his mother was well, and he was nationally known as an outstanding fighter and a Jewish personality at a time when Hitlerism was rampant.

Still restless, Ross found some solace at the race track, and, as he tells it, he lost practically all the money he earned in the ring—by picking slow horses. He finally returned to his faith as he matured and he gained



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comfort from the sacred readings of the Jewish people as well as from reading the religious books of other faiths.

The story of his dope addiction is well known and the few pages devoted to it here are vivid and painful enough. In beating the habit he won back his wife, who had not understood his strange cravings when he returned from Marine Corps service. His heroism against the Japanese is not emphasized, but it is at last recorded authentically on paper.

"No Man Stands Alone" could have been more reflective, and the religious passages betray less knowledge than they attempt to reveal. But Barney Ross is an active American hero, not an intellectual.

THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE: The reading public owes a debt to Edmund G. Love, author of **"Subways Are for Sleeping"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). Where it would seem that every conceivable kind of human being had been covered in books, Mr. Love has suddenly produced a new type. This is not an indication of soaring imagination on Mr. Love's part, but rather that he has penetrated more deeply than most into the underside of New York City life, there to find what he calls the Twilight People. His people are not bums, yet neither do they work for a living. Rather, they mooch. Or when, like Charlie Knutsen, they do take a job (Charlie had more than forty good ones in ten years) it is merely for a free telephone over which to facilitate a curious personal life. Another of Mr. Love's ten Manhattan nomads has a master's degree in economics, yet chooses to sleep in subways and walk streets all day. Another, an attractive girl, never leaves her hotel room and dresses largely in towels. From Boston, a hearty man named Flanagan periodically descends on New York for drinking sprees during which he develops strange desires. One was to play in the United States Open Golf Championship. Easier of accomplishment was his yearning to operate an elevator. This he did by the simple expedient of hiring an office-building elevator at night and paying bums to ring bells at different floors. Sam Victor solved his existence-problem by marrying five times. The wives divorced him, but Sam's powers are such that each continues to cherish and feed him. There is the inevitable party girl, and a man who built a big business out of running errands around Madison Square. Also Saint Dutch, an ex-Jesuit and Red Chinese prisoner, who devoted his life to uniquely salvaging drunks. Such types may have been treated before in sociological reports, but Mr. Love (who in his time has been a Twilight Person) brings compassion, humor, and rare knowledge to his unusual book. The overworked description off-beat takes on new meaning here.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

THE LIVES OF LADY SPIES: Seldom does a spy story take time to become a rounded autobiography. Yet in **"The Courage of Fear,"** (Duell, Sloan, & Pearce, $3.95) Roxanne Pitt (on her father's side a descendant of the Prime Minister) obligingly offers the facts of her existence before the moment she became a top-echelon English spy in both Paris and Italy. As an English girl who was also part Jewish, Roxanne was all but pushed into espionage when the Germans took Paris. Because of her social connections, good looks, and a sex-phobia which turned out to be oddly convenient, she was able to function successfully in the dangerous twilight zone between warring nations. In Italy, she boldly impersonated her sister, who had married an Italian of good family. In this manner, she was used by the British Secret Service to procure small nuggets of information which, when fitted with information from other sources, often made a full picture of enemy plans. Miss Pitt, who seems like a lively, likable person, is particularly interesting when describing how in Paris both convents and brothels were used to hide Allied escapees. In Italy her adventures are more social, illuminated by contacts with Edda Ciano and Claretta Petacci, who died with Il Duce. However, her Italian stint ends in a burst of wild melodrama. All this is made the better by the fact that the author has taken time to delineate a rather unusual childhood, with peculiar parents, years in Egypt, and loneliness in a Swiss convent. A superior spy book, as Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart attests in an introduction.

Slightly less care has gone into the preparation of **"The White Mouse,"** by Russell Braddon (Norton, $3.95). Here we plunge almost immediately into the wartime adventures of Nancy Wake, an Australian girl who in 1939 was married to a wealthy Marseille industrialist. The Germans accepted her as French, thus allowing her to assist the escape-plans of a group of English officers interned in a nearby fortress. Soon she is deeply entangled in the Resistance, blowing up bridges and killing Germans with the hardihood of a male. In time the Germans named her The White Mouse, a fitting name for the skilful, elusive Nancy. For her Resistance work Nancy was decorated by both British and French governments. Hers is an exciting, often heart-warming book.

—A. C.

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Elizabeth II . . .

Continued from page 13

see enacted all through American history, at every stage of the frontier moving westward across the continent to the Pacific. It is the first ones who pay the price, often with their lives. It is this that should make us remember with sympathy and love those first settlers who crossed the ocean to lay their bones here.

To tell the story of the Jamestown colony is not my purpose: it has been often told with its dramatic highlights—how the colonists were giving up and returning home when Lord De la Warr's arrival with reinforcements turned them back in the James River; John Smith's ebullient personality and rough leadership that saved the colony from extinction; the genuine romance of Rolfe and Pocahontas, whose marriage purchased peace with the Indians for some years. What is more to my purpose is to point out some of the historic consequences, the abiding importance of what those first settlers brought with them and achieved in new circumstances for the American nation. Much of what they achieved lives still. It has never been better summed up than by Professor Craven: "The Elizabethan tongue that once rang out across the James and the York may still be heard in certain out-of-the-way spots of the South. The Elizabethan devotion to Protestantism, born of a long defence of Elizabeth's church settlement and fed on the fiery materials of John Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs,' still survives to shape the fundamental tenets of the great majority of Southerners. Even the institutional pattern our forefathers adapted to the peculiar requirements of a new-world environment was more Elizabethan than anything else. Though sheriffs, coroners, constables, justices of the peace, juries, and representative assemblies were ancient parts of the English scene, it was as their place and function had been defined under Elizabeth that the early colonists understood them. Here, too, has the South, ever prompt to recognize individual achievement, discovered the first heroic figures of her history—Elizabeth herself and Raleigh."

Nothing could be of greater historical propriety, then, than that another Elizabeth, successor of the great woman who did so much to ensure that North America should be open to English-speaking folk, should have come to visit the most affecting spot in all America.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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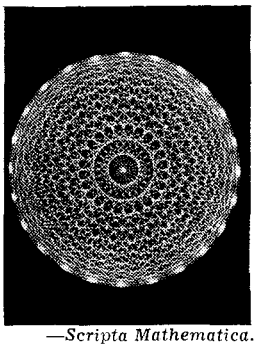

—*Scripta Mathematica.*

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Personality Portrait—XX • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Coming Up: New Worlds in Mathematics

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

SPUTNIK AND THE SCHOOLTEACHER

WHEN Christopher Columbus crossed the unknown waters and found a new world in 1492, he set off an explosion of human curiosity that did not subside for 300 years. To sail their ships the seamen who followed him over the Atlantic had to go by the sun and the stars. Not being scholars themselves, they knew only the obvious movements of the sky. Without timetables to navigate by, they were helpless. Astronomers drew up the tables in a language they shared with the merchant bankers of discovery fleets—mathematics.

Today a robot Columbus is crossing the uncharted sea of air in which Earth floats. Sput′ (*rhymes with put*) nik (*nick*), the moon that was made in Russia, is "bleeping" its way around our globe every hour-and-a-half. Space sailors who will follow it in explorations of the deeper sky must contend with electrical winds and magnetic tides that only the best versed earthlings even dream of. Mathematics must enter a new dimension of magnetohydrodynamics to bring the voyagers safely home. The tables drawn up by tomorrow's astronomers will have to tell where the pull of Earth's gravity ends, how far out man can go before the drag of the moon takes over, at what point Jupiter makes itself felt, and under what conditions it is safe to weather the all-penetrating cosmic hail from gas storms on the sun's fringe.

The urgency with which the Soviet Union has been readying its children for this new and fantastically different era of human history is known well to regular readers of SR/Research. In our very first issue, at the close of March 1956, we identified the most powerful scientist in the world as a Russian chemist named Alexander Nikolaevich Nesmeyanov. We explained that Nesmeyanov was president of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, that he commanded *all* Soviet basic science, that the 100,000 university level researchers under his jurisdiction were not expected to parrot the Communist Party line but to think for themselves, that in return they were given privileges and honors which Russian children were scrambling to earn by cramming their heads with mathematics beginning in the eighth grade.

"It must be clear . . . that the Soviet Union is challenging American supremacy in science," was one of the observations made in those pages of almost two years ago. Six months later, in reporting American preparations for launching an earth satellite sometime before the end of 1958, we interpolated notice of a belief among "some Westerners . . . that Moscow will try to get a satellite aloft before we do." And just one year ago this month of November we carried the Russians' own account of their moon and how they intended to put it into the sky: "about the same size (twenty inches across) as the satellite now being built by the United States, and about five times as heavy. . . . The orbit will go around the poles . . . will require 1,000 miles-per-hour more initial push from the launching rocket (than the U.S. moon, and) . . . will begin further out in space than the American (460 miles compared to 300) and may consequently stay up longer."

Since our job is not prophecy but interpretive reporting, we wish our purpose here to be plain. We place no emphasis on Sputnik's presence at the altitude and in the direction and with the priority (not to mention almost twice the weight) that could have been inferred from our columns. Much more important in our mind is recognition of the long-range nature and continuity of purpose behind the Soviet achievement. Uncounted years of pure science were invested in what we reminded a year past was "the Soviet's declared intention of demonstrating that they are not scientifically backward."

If intelligent people ever have believed the folklore about Russian spies stealing the A-bomb, the H-bomb, and the jet airplane it would seem time for them to swallow their pride and admit to themselves that they have been taken in. Scientists who have been proclaiming "we could have done it first IF—" and making statements which can be read as accusations of perfidy on the part of Sputnik's launchers, ought to reconsider their words. Do they seriously think that Congressmen intent on local politics will appropriate adequate funds for basic research (whose purposes by their very nature cannot be explained in terms of even remote tangibles, much less any immediate practicality) if the voters back home continue to accept the idea that the newest and best of everything is always made first—or at least thought up—in America?

Of what service was it, for example, to accuse Moscow of breaking an International Geophysical Year agreement to announce the initial satellite launch in advance? IGY

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world headquarters in Brussels has denied the existence of any such pact. No scientist in any country could be sure of entering an orbit on the opening shot, and American IGYers planned a half-dozen unheralded trial runs if necessary, any one of which might have succeeded, as the Sputnik run did.

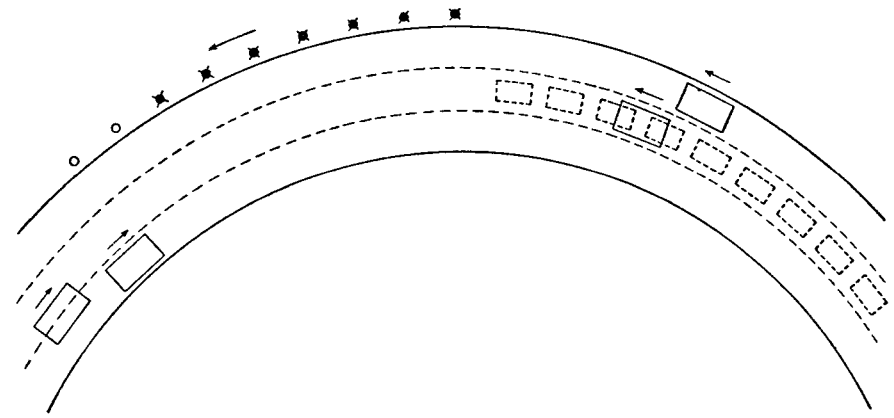
And what was gained by spreading the notion that "they put it where they knew we couldn't see it"? The Soviet moon rocket had to be angled either northeast or southeast if it was not to fight the force of Earth's eastward rotation; and the rocket had to cross at least 1,000 miles of Russian territory to guarantee control of guidance up to the crucial moment. The chosen orbit (it began somewhere near the coast of the Caspian Sea) met both these requirements. It was no more deliberately "anti-American" than the American satellite rocket will be "anti-Russian" when it shoots southeast from the mid-Florida coast over 1,000 miles of the friendly Caribbean, blacking out observations over most of the USSR.

The complaint that Sputnik's radio "bleeps" were broadcast on different wavelengths than American IGY listening posts around the globe were tuned to receive has the unfortunate sound of the spoiled boy's cry, "I won't play with your marbles." The truth is that many American scientists resented from the beginning the prominence given to the satellite in our own IGY program, and opposed all attempts to turn moonwatching into a popular educational science-sport. Russia's scientists took the opposite view, accepted the satellite as the world-fascinating spectacle it was bound to be, named their moon "the fellow traveler" for political propaganda purposes and tuned its "bleeps" to wavelengths Moscow knew could be heard on radio sets in homes all over the Earth. For scientific orbit tracking, those particular wavelengths are not as precise as the wavelengths we had chosen. But we can tune to them and, as a matter of fact, the U. S. Bureau of Standards was conducting experiments on them at the time Sputnik first spoke up. Tracking of the satellite actually began at Boulder, Colorado, with Sputnik's earliest rounds on the night of October 4.

In contrast to these spurious controversies, the authentically questionable aspects of Sputnik's behavior have been either obscured or kept secret altogether. No confirmed sighting of the satellite itself had been made up to the time these pages went to press. Only the third stage of the launching rocket had been photographed. It had followed Sputnik into the orbit but, being heavier, had fallen somewhat and gathered speed from centrifugal force until it led the procession across the heavens. Sputnik's "bleep" was strongest minutes after the rocket passed. Why wasn't Sputnik itself visible? Was it painted black to absorb instead of reflect the sun's rays? If it was painted black, was the painting done to eliminate light flare that might interfere with photography?

Why couldn't the IBM computers in Washington, D. C., and Cambridge, Massachusetts, predict Sputnik's future orbit from a few scattered observations as they had been expected to do? Had the satellite's metal skin picked up free electrons from the upper air and thus acquired a negative electrical charge which responded to the pull of Earth's magnetic field, causing Sputnik to wobble?

When Prince Philip told Washington reporters that "the whole thing has been muddled up," he was understating the distortions created by American chagrin over Sputnik's success. Scientific objectivity was knocked so far askew that the U. S. Committee for the IGY overlooked an unparalleled opportunity to educate millions in the long perspective of science. From the moment of the Moscow announcement that Sputnik was up there, the possibility was open to explain to the people (as Dr. Wallace Eckert of the Watson Scientific and Computing Laboratory at Columbia University explained to us) how three scientific laws propounded by Johann Kepler in the early 1600s could be used to learn more about Sputnik than the Russians had told at that time. Parents and children would have enjoyed working out together, with pencil and paper, the Kepler formula relating the period (time of completion) of an orbit to the mean distance between the two moving bodies concerned (in this case Earth and Sputnik). According to that equation, the cube of the mean distance is in proportion to the square of the period, so it would have been a simple matter of comparing what was known about the real moon to what was not known about Sputnik. If interested readers of SR/RESEARCH want to try this one even now, they can take the real moon's distance to be 239,000 miles from the center of the Earth and the period of its orbit 27.3 days, and strike a ratio with Sputnik's period of 96.2 minutes. The answer will give Sputnik's mean distance as roughly 374 miles from the Earth's surface. Accepting the apogee of 560 miles as announced by the Russians, we get 188 miles as the satellite's closest approach to Earth. Such



—Sarnoff Research Labs—RCA, Princeton.

WHEN MEN MAKE MOONS OF SUCH A SIZE AS TO PHOTOGRAPH EARTH with TV cameras, they will seek the counsel of Vladimir Zworykin. He invented the tube on which modern TV is built, and he talked of TV for rockets many years ago. It is an old problem to him now, easily solved when the time comes. So while others stare at Sputnik, Zworykin keeps his eyes on the terrestrial roads he drives in his automobile. Motoring accidents, he believes, ought to be prevented before we careen into space. Last month, on a short stretch of test highway outside Lincoln, Nebraska, he demonstrated RCA devices which, buried in the concrete or the asphalt, automatically register the passing of cars and turn on roadside warning lights around curves and over the brows of hills. In the right half of the arc sketched above, the dotted boxes indicate locations of hidden electronic detectors. The solid-lined box astraddle two of them symbolizes a car in the middle lane of the road passing a like-bound auto in the right-hand lane. The lights (black circles) rounding the bend are flipped into bright illumination. They caution the driver who is beginning to pass the car ahead of him at the arc's left end to drop back and wait. Although he is not yet able to see it with his own eyes, that middle lane of the road is already occupied.

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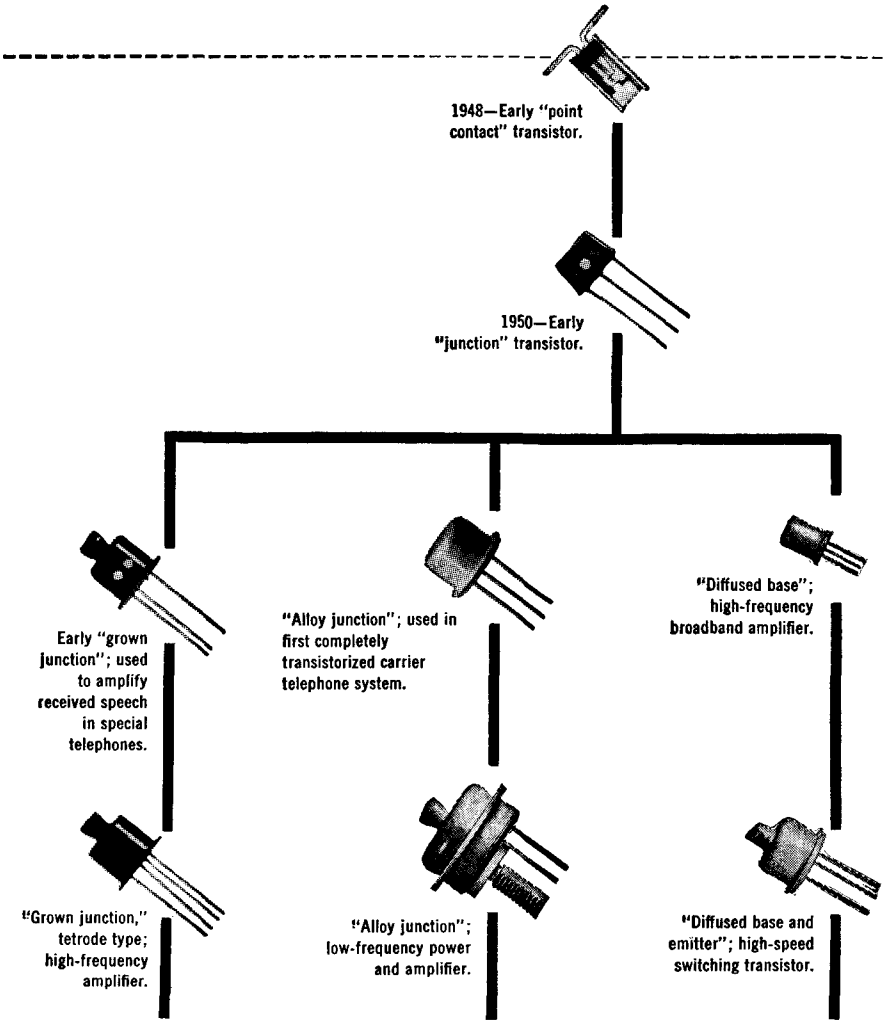
calculations are an ideal means of teaching youngsters the magic that numbers can perform.

In their consternation over the fact that Sputnik's launching rocket must have had an initial weight of 300,000 pounds (compared to the U.S. satellite rocket's 2,200) in order to lift the 184-pound ball into an orbit, the scientists also neglected assurances that might have been given to worried citizens. It might have been pointed out that hanging a moon in the sky is no proof of ability to haul the moon back down again. Placing that ball in the orbit it occupies is equivalent to pushing a cannon 500 miles straight up and, without a platform to stand it on, aiming the gun by remote control and firing it parallel to the revolving surface of the globe. But there is, in the successful launching of Sputnik, no evidence whatever that the spinning ball could be hurled down through the atmosphere without incinerating.

Sputnik, then, is a sobering symbol of Soviet genius and power potential; it is not yet a flying chariot of the apocalypse. If we stop beating our breasts and start reorganizing the executive and legislative branches of our government to make effective use of our own scientists and the research talent of our friends (see SR/Research, June 2, 1956; Feb. 2 and Oct. 5, 1957) we can count on some help from the laws of chance governing scientific discovery to help us catch up. The task cannot be accomplished by the scientists alone. We face great issues in which scientific method and democratic policy must be meshed. If, to obtain funds for research, we must squeeze some fat off our current standard of living, where will we find the pound of flesh —in the escalator contracts of the labor unions, the cost-plus contracts of the corporations, the return of incentive capital which make our society what it is as opposed to Socialism and Communism? Do we prefer to pay higher taxes locally and keep control of education in our home communities?

Without mathematics democracy cannot hope to survive. How can we attract more boys and girls to the study of it? Perhaps by the beauty of geometrical configurations like those on our front cover (we owe them to *Scripta Mathematica,* which is now observing its twenty-fifth birthday at Yeshiva University in New York City), perhaps through the antics of puppets akin to our cover-boy (a creature of Bil and Cora Baird, he will appear on Westinghouse-TV beginning this month), certainly in the schoolroom itself as the result of a teaching revolution described in the pages which follow. —John Lear,
Science Editor.

TRANSISTORS
—first family of electronics


1948—Early "point contact" transistor.
1950—Early "junction" transistor.
Early "grown junction"; used to amplify received speech in special telephones.
"Alloy junction"; used in first completely transistorized carrier telephone system.
"Diffused base"; high-frequency broadband amplifier.
"Grown junction," tetrode type; high-frequency amplifier.
"Alloy junction"; low-frequency power and amplifier.
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In 1948 Bell scientists announced their invention of the transistor—a tiny device able to amplify signals a hundred thousand times using a small fraction of the power of an electron tube.

From this original "point contact" transistor has grown a distinguished family of immense usefulness to electronics. Some of its leading members are shown here, in approximate actual size, with their scientific type names.

For telephony the transistor has opened the way for notable advances in instruments, transmission and switching. Elsewhere it has opened the way to advances in hearing aids, television, computers, portable radios and numerous military applications.

Bell's transistor family is typical of the Bell Laboratories research that helps keep your telephone service the world's best—and at the same time contributes importantly to other fields of technology.

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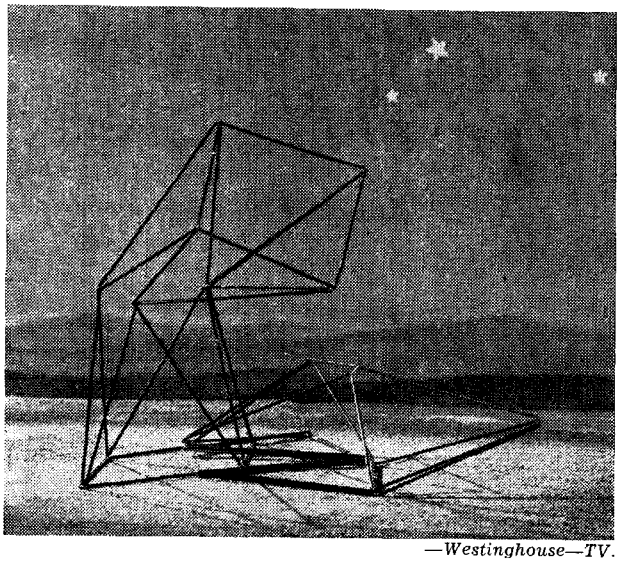
The puppet prof of math-in-the-sky on our front cover is a Baird marionette named Isaac Newton. He will teach math to boys and girls in junior high over Westinghouse-TV in Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco beginning the week of November 10. On the advice of his assistant, Professor Howard Fehr, president of the American Council of Teachers of Mathematics, Isaac will deal with imaginary shapes like the one at the right, which belong to the world of this story.



—Westinghouse—TV.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WHY

Where Children Are Expected to Think Like Children

By HELEN ROWAN

HE WAS President of the United States in the eighteenth century."

Does that sentence read like mathematics to you? Well, it's the beginning of a lesson in painless algebra. There's nothing in it to memorize. No tables. No laws. No mystifying symbols. It's merely a statement that can be either true or false, depending on who is "he." If the name of Abraham Lincoln is put in the pronoun's place, the statement is patently false. If "he" is George Washington, the statement is obviously true.

This is plain, simple English, the language every American high school freshman understands. Mathematics is a different language but it can be just as easy to read. Equations are merely statements that are true if you put in the right names, and numerals are only the names you use for numbers.

Numerals aren't real any more than names of people are real. You can see and touch the person you call "Paul Jones" but the name "Paul Jones" itself is a mental invention. And although you can count the ten fingers on your two hands, if you try to put one of those fingers on the number ten you find that it exists only in your head.

High school algebra, then, is nothing more nor less than the business of making statements that are true when you think up the right names. Take, for example, the equation: X plus four equals nine. The four and the nine are names of numbers. If the language were English, the X would be a pronoun. But the language is mathematics. So the X is a pronumeral. The only name you can put in place of that pronumeral to make a true statement is a name for the number.

Could anything be more natural? Wouldn't mathematics be ridiculously easy—even fun—to a youngster who approaches it this way? Yet no teacher of a teenager can adopt this method without breaking a supposedly inviolable taboo of pedagogical psychology. The taboo says a child doesn't really understand anything that he can't explain in words.

Professor Max Beberman and a little band of mathematics experimentalists at the University of Illinois have set out to prove that this old rule of teaching is wrong. In an attempt to make mathematics enjoyable to American children, they are turning the high school math curriculum inside out to make it fit what adolescents actually feel and think as opposed to the reactions ascribed to them by grownups.

"When you and I were thir-fourteen," Beberman reminds his fellow pedagogues, "we were enchanted by the mysteries of life. We weren't concerned with practicalities. We didn't ask ourselves how we would earn our living after we finished school. We wanted to know if there was a God, and if there was what did he look like? If God was everywhere at once, could he possibly be a person? Was he maybe like the light of day or the sound of the wind in the trees? Why was grass always green? Why were clouds always white or grey or sometimes pink—never blue like the sky behind them? The more abstract a question was the hotter we argued it. Angels absolutely delighted us; how many of them could dance on a pinhead?

"NUMBERS are as abstract as angels. Mathematics is as creative as music, painting or sculpture. The high school freshman will revel in it if we let him play with it as an abstraction. But insisting that he pin numbers down is like asking him to catch a butterfly to explain the sheen on its wings—the magical glint of the sun rubs off on his fingers and the fluttering thing in his hands can never lift into the air again to renew his wonder."

Rather than asking a pupil to ex-

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plain the fascinating tricks he sees numbers perform, Beberman and his colleagues discourage verbalization as long as they can without frustrating creative curiosity. "You don't ask a boy or girl to dissect his response to the first seascape he sees or the first string quartet he hears," the professor shrugs amiably. "Why expect a description of a mathematical operation?" Not only is non-verbal awareness enough in the beginning; it is preferable; because the language of mathematics is the most exacting tongue man has ever devised and can be mastered only gradually through an initial intuitive appreciation followed by long and patient practice.

TO GROWNUPS who instinctively reject this philosophy, Beberman will ask: "Tell me, what is the sum of the first sixty odd numbers?" When a startled hearer pleads for time, Beberman seizes a tablet of paper and a pencil. "Let's list the numbers here," he proposes, writing

1st odd number	total of 1
2	4
3	9
4	16
5	25
6	36

He pauses momentarily and says, "Whenever you think you can tell me the sum of the first sixty, stop me," and goes on

7	49
8	64
9	81
10	100
11	121

Slowly it dawns on his watching companion that each number listed in the right hand column is equal to the opposite number in the lefthand column multiplied by itself. Beberman stops writing and says "Fine. Now how would you describe what you recognize to be true?"

Try it yourself. You will probably start by saying "the numbers are squared" or something like that. If you aren't a mathematician, you may spend some time in arriving at the succinct ultimate of mathematical precision, which reads as follows: "The sum of the first n odd numbers is n^2" (n being the pronumeral for the name of any whole number you care to put in its place). Nevertheless, you will recall that you did see, merely by glancing at the paper, an almost magical relationship between the two columns of numbers. And you understood the relationship sufficiently to predict that the sum of the first sixty odd numbers would be 3600.

That tantalizing relationship between the two columns of numbers delights an adolescent mind. It tempts the question, "What makes it come out that way?" If the child is encouraged to guess the whyfor—as Beberman pupils are, in violation of the usual math class rule against guessing—he soon will be formulating the underlying principles of mathematics for himself, in his own ingenious and sometimes ingenuous language, instead of waiting to hear them pronounced by the teacher in words that inevitably bear the unwelcome sound of laws fixed by grownups.

"Why" is a question which too often atrophies and dies after we leave adolescence behind. Adults who were never freely exposed to math's fascination while they were at the susceptible age (*i.e.*, most of us) are far more likely to ask, "Of what use is it?" This is the question which all scientists, not merely mathematicians, will recognize as the great "practical" barrier to appreciation of fundamental research. Professor Beberman may open a broad new avenue for the teaching of all science through his observation that when children ask "What use is it?" they don't really mean it. The brightest pupils never raise the question. Youngsters whose minds are somewhat slower ask it only when they encounter a particular problem they can't solve quickly. Let the math teacher inquire, "What's the problem?" and the emphasis immediately shifts. "What use?" is forgotten. The question was asked in the first place only as an unconscious justification for the child's difficulty.

GROWNUP antagonism to math is so widespread in America that any approach as apparently effortless as Professor Beberman's is bound to be greeted with skepticism. But Beberman has accumulated impressive evidence in the last six years to support his argument. Seventeen hundred high school children in a dozen schools (in Barrington, Blue Island, Gurnee, Elmhurst, Pekin, St. Charles and Urbana in Illinois; St. Louis in Missouri; Chestnut Hill and Newton in Massachusetts) are already studying math according to his method and they are successfully learning principles not ordinarily grasped until the college years. Although word of the course has been spread mainly by mouth and the texts are available only in mimeographed pages, 425 high schools and 128 colleges throughout the country have purchased sample sets of these teaching materials. A number of other city and county school districts have expressed interest in joining the experiment. Even adults have become infected by the yearning to learn a supposedly deadly subject in a lively way; employes of the Polaroid Corporation in Cambridge, Mass., are filling classrooms and standing in the aisles. The snowball effect of all this has created a paradox, with Beberman and his group of mathematics evangelists actually trying to slow down the rate of conversion.

Because an entirely new teaching method is involved, every teacher who participates must be especially trained. All who now teach the system have spent at least a couple of weeks in special sessions in Urbana, Ill., where the project was launched in 1951 to improve the mathematical understanding of prospective students at the Illinois University School of Engineering. After returning to their respective classes, the teachers have the continuing benefit of face-to-face consultation with the Illinois staff. Miss Gertrude Hendrix, teacher coordinator for the project, visits each participating school several times a year, as do Beberman and others;

MENTION MATHEMATICS TO A WOMAN and she freezes into a condescending attitude of tolerance—she knows it exists, she uses it when she must, but it certainly has very little to do with her own delightfully imaginative and delicate world of interests. To say that Helen Rowan, editor of Carnegie Corporation's *Quarterly*, was normal in this respect is an understatement. "I," she says, "am what's known as a mathematical moron." Even in school, taking the minimum number of courses in math, she hated it because she never understood what it was all about, no less what the point of it all was. When she left her New York office for Illinois, to prepare to write her October issue (from which this article is derived), she never expected to come back truly inspired. "It's wonderful to see this thing in action," she told us. "This way mathematics makes sense. And if I could understand it and really get excited about, it will work on anybody!"—children, men, and women, too.

—*Acme Passport.*
Helen Rowan.

—NAOMI WEBER.

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they watch the classes in action, often take over the teaching for an hour or two, and talk with the teachers at length about their various problems and ideas. Between consultations, each participating teacher writes a weekly report on his class's (and his own) progress. He tells what questions the pupils raise, at what points in the text they appear to stumble, what lesson examples get the best responses. These observations suggest constant revision of the text (one reason why the math "books" are mimeographed) and provide a practical leavening of the theories and concepts which Illinois's "pure" mathematicians would like to see taught. But nothing goes into the "books" merely because it appeals to the pupils. Back again the proposed amendments go to Herbert E. Vaughan, associate professor of mathematics at the University (his hours as "part-time" consultant to the project are longer than most men's "full time") for a final assurance that the text writing staff has done no violence to mathematical principles.

WHAT comes out in the end is more a change in emphasis than in content. Along with that goes a change in the traditional sequence in which high school math is taught. A full four year course used to begin with one year of algebra followed by one year of plane geometry followed by another year of algebra followed by a semester of solid geometry followed by a semester of trigonometry. (A relatively small percentage of American high school pupils go the route. Many of those preparing for college drop out after the first two years, when the math requirement for entrance to most United States colleges is fulfilled.) Under the Illinois system pupils follow threads of arithmetic and algebra and geometry all through, and so develop a feeling for the essential unity of all mathematics.

To get an idea of how the subjects are woven together, follow the freshman course. Traditionally called "elementary algebra," it is known in the Illinois system simply as "first course." It is mainly, but not all, algebra. It is also a little arithmetic and a little geometry. And first, last, and always, it is a course in language.

On their first day in class, the pupils get copies of a rather pathetic arithmetic test paper done by an imaginary friend living in Alaska. This poor boy thinks that 5 and 7 make 57, and that 9 goes into 99 twice. He also asserts that .000065 is larger than .25 and he can prove it: he measured with a ruler.

The children, who already know a little arithmetic, laugh at his errors. But if they just "know" (*i.e.*, have memorized) a little arithmetic without understanding it, they have some trouble at first in saying just how their Alaskan pen pal got so far off base. If you take a "5" and add a "7" to it, don't you get "57"? You do, of course, if you are putting one mark on paper next to another; you don't if you are adding the numbers five and seven. The distinction lies in understanding the difference between a number and its written name (or numeral). The Illinois children are learning that difference, and from there is only a short step to pronumerals (these used to be called "variables") and their use to satisfy, or "make true," the sentences known as equations. Once plain equations are familiar, with their comfortable custom of stating the one possible truth, there are also "inequations" or inequalities, in which a number of different statements can be true. For example: 3X is *greater than* 6. What is X? It could obviously be 3, since three 3's are nine. It could be 84½. It could, in fact, be any number larger than 2. But this is a problem usually encountered in calculus. Why teach it in high school?

"We find that introducing inequalities at this level is useful," Beberman explains, "because it teaches kids early that there are many *equations* in which lots and lots of numbers will work. A grasp of this notion will be very important to them in higher mathematics. And it gives them a better understanding of what they are doing right now. We are trying to present math as a body of ideas rather than a collection of skills."

The most pervading mathematical idea that the Illinois experiment sets out to propagate is the concept of sets. Sets in themselves are old, but their presentation as a point of view is new. A set is any collection of things. The things can be numbers, points, lines, vectors, physical forces, people, or a set can be a philosophical notion such as brotherhood. By thinking in terms of sets, children learn to see apparent relationships, discover hidden patterns, and invent new arrangements to meet new problems. Having evolved this habit of thinking, they forget the details and retain a mental discipline which can be useful in such advanced modern mathematical techniques as public opinion sampling, statistical testing of the validity of drugs, programming of high speed computers, or calculating the orbit of a manmade moon from the position of "beeps" in the sky.

The concept of sets is brought into the new math course at the ninth grade level (it could be done earlier, Beberman says, perhaps as early as kindergarten, with sets of toys) and carried throughout the four high school years. Solutions and graphs (or "pictures") of inequations (as well as equations) are touched on in all the courses. There is heavy emphasis on analytic geometry (usually studied in the freshman college year) from the ninth grade up. In tenth grade, pupils are presented with numerous models of postulate systems (usually not taught until the graduate level of college). Twelfth graders get heavy emphasis on the circular functions, which are part of modern trigonometry.

What has been dropped to make room for the new material? First, logarithmic solutions of triangles. They have lost their old value with the growing use of desk computers. The alleged derivations of mensurational formulas for spheres and cones have been cut from solid geometry because better proofs can be given in calculus. Finally, Horner's method for finding irrational roots of polynomial equations has been abandoned in favor of Newton's more widely applicable method for doing the very same thing.

Teachers of the Illinois method are almost unanimous in saying that, although it is more fun to teach math this way, it is also much more work. (Some schools have arranged for the experimental teachers to have a little free time for preparation.) "The youngsters' questions can be really tough," one teacher who has been through the mill reports, "and the subject matter is tough, too. Still, I never liked being a drill sergeant, which is about what I felt I was under the old method."

THAT's identically what math pupils felt the math teacher was under older systems of teaching. And the youngsters are appropriately enthusiastic over the change. Not only the talented boys and girls who attend the University of Illinois High School in Urbana (an experimental school where the new course was launched in expectation that only unusually bright children would respond) but other pupils in public comprehensive high schools take to math's abstractions with pleasure. More pupils under the Illinois program go on to the third and fourth year of math than do children who receive conventional math teaching. The original thought that the new approach would have to be limited to college preparatory candidates is gradually being revised by experience to include more high school enrolees.

This fall the first group of tomorrow's citizens who have been exposed to a full four years of the new ideas

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entered college. Their success in higher mathematics will be a rigorous practical test of the innovation's value. But the return from the original investment made by Illinois University and the subsequent grant of $277,000 by the Carnegie Corporation of New York is not to be reckoned solely in the production of Newtons and Einsteins. Genius can use, but hardly needs, the impetus of the University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics. There is a rich reward in watching the faces and hearing the voices and feeling the animation of more ordinary children to whom a whole new world of imagination is being opened—boys like the redhead in Barrington (Ill.) High School's ninth grade who, in the middle of a lesson on multiplying positive and negative numbers, suddenly cried "I *see*!" with all the fervor of a Balboa discovering the Pacific.

New Worlds in Mathematics—II

EXPLORATIONS UNLIMITED

MANY, probably most, high-school teachers who read Helen Rowan's story about the new mathematics are apt to feel that the ideas have little if any relation to past or even present teaching. The differences really aren't that enormous, but they do bring schoolroom math about 300 years closer to math as it is actually practiced in modern life; the jump is sufficiently dramatic that the University of Illinois prefers to let the new method seep out gradually to those who ask for it.

America's need for modern math, however, is far too urgent to wait indefinitely for stragglers. Something must be done about the high school math curriculum right now. The Carnegie Corporation, among the first to recognize this, paralleled its financial support of the Illinois experiment with a grant to the College Entrance Examination Board, whose tests are a major influence in determining who enters and who is turned away from the schools that produce three fourths of the country's bachelor degrees.

By tradition, the college exam board does not attempt to say what will be taught in high school, by whom, or how. The board merely says that in order to enter a college accredited to it, a boy or girl should be prepared to answer certain types of questions.

In order to be fair to everyone, any change must be gradual. To bring the evolution about, the board established a Commission on Mathematics in 1955. By the end of the year this Commission's report should be in the hands of high school teachers throughout the land for criticism. The Commission's executive director, Dean Albert E. Meder, Jr., of Rutgers University, tells SR/Research that sample syllabi of modern math courses have been drawn up to illustrate how teachers might prepare their pupils for a higher level of mathematical competence. Whether or not these text outlines will be adopted and to what degree is up to the teachers, but this one thing is sure: for the first time since 1900, college freshmen will be expected to be ready to plunge immediately into analytic geometry and calculus.

Like Max Beberman and his fellow experimenters at Illinois, the Commission on Mathematics believes that high school math should include an understanding of the concept of sets. This understanding should amount to a point of view, beginning with the recognition that a set is simply any collection of things. Whether the set be a set of pencils, a set of kittens, or a set of dirty-faced children, it is a means of comparison, a method of discerning relationships, a way of learning truths in common—and of being aware of what is not true, in which case the set must be rearranged or replaced by another set which more accurately fits a particular truth that is being sought.

The high school pupil of the future will be taught to look upon algebra as a study of structure rather than as a mere manipulation of numbers, to extend his use of graphs into a natural linkup with geometry, to think of probabilities and statistical inference as basic tools in the contemporary world.

Through slow progressive alteration over the next five years, the present-day high school math course will probably be unrecognizable. What demand will that change make on teaching in the grades leading up to high school? No one knows with any sense of precision. But a Carnegie grant has already gone to Dr. John Mayor of the University of Maryland to modernize the arithmetic now taught in junior high school. And John Gardner, Carnegie's farsighted president, is on a sharp lookout for someone courageous enough to teach up-to-date notions of math to children in the third grade.

—J. L.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

SCIENCE NEEDS A MIRROR

It Must Recognize the Emotion on Its Thinker's Face

AN APPRECIATION of the force of history can readily be disseminated even in an organic chemistry course. Because of the sheer competition of time it may not be possible to transmit the conventional historical dates and data. But history is charged with motives and their consequences. It is just as practicable to show these factors behind the discovery of the synthesis of ammonia, dyes, pharmaceuticals, and the thousands of chemicals in *Beilstein* (organic chemistry's best-known handbook), as it is to delineate the compulsions behind the Macedonian conquest, the Crusades, and the War of 1812. But to imply that scientific activity is free from the human emotions that actually contributed to its very existence and growth is to provide an illusory perspective of the past. It is no wonder that the student fed with such nonsense cannot leap into the world with adaptive grace.

In the case of art, what is its core if not the intuitive appreciation of the richness, beauty, and infinite shades of human expression? There are more than ample occasions for traversing these essences in a physics experiment, a biological laboratory, an engineering construction, or an isolated observatory. Who can be richer in imagination than the scientist with his concept of the structure of an atom; what more beautiful than histological sections of tissues; what more vivid display of shades than the fireball of an atomic explosion; what deeper emotion of unity than astronomical speculations? Instead, these wonderful opportunities for stimulating a subconscious intimacy of art and science remain largely unexploited by the lecturer. What is usually emphasized in their places are cold packages of "true-and-false."

To be sure, the latter method of instruction is simpler and its preparation less time consuming. When two chemicals are mixed in a vessel, the freshman learns that: *X* plus *Y* give *A* plus *B*. There are only two products. The reaction is clean-cut. But this is hardly the truth of the "simple" equation. In reality, there are innumerable reactions and interactions. The reason why only *A* and *B* are listed instead of *C*, *D*, *E*, and a large number of other compounds is the chemist's preoccupation at the moment with *A* and *B*. Had he been more interested in others, he could very well have written the equation: *X* plus *Y* give *C* plus *Z*. The student should be weaned from the idea that there is a single, sharp resultant to a given problem. The well-defined solution is merely man's temporary abstraction out of the totality for expedient and pragmatic attention. It should be more accurately stated thus: *X* plus *Y* give *A* plus *B* *plus*. It is so with science, with art, with society, with life.

There has been an encouraging trend in the right direction. Take the concept of valencies. As recently as a decade ago, the theory taught was that each atom is endowed with a discrete and integral number of bonds with which it is joinable to the next in forming molecules. Currently it is freely being admitted that valencies do not dance around atoms in nimble retinues of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Instead there are the woozy 1.2 bonds, 1.3333 . . . bonds, 1.9 bonds, and so on. If such complexities of nature are not shielded from the minds of the pliable and impressionable youngsters, the real world with its multitude of paradoxes will not appear to them as confusing in the future as it has in the past.

The intimate grasp of the intricateness and shadings of life and its consistent expression in action form the basis for tolerance. Unorthodox behavior and thinking on the part of our neighbor will not fill us with horror and disgust. The urge toward his suppression will not arise. His strange ideas are tolerated in the light of the knowledge that complexity and variation are quite natural. There will always be ideologies apparently incompatible with each other. If we so wish to eliminate this seeming disharmony of convictions, we will have to destroy all men. But then, the baboon will remain to flaunt his baboonery to the anteater. And if we proceed to destroy all life, the uranium atom with its ninety-two electrons will continue to look askance at the hydrogen atom with its measly one. It is the concept of simplicity and uniformity which is flabby to life. Educational systems that continue to breed ignorant intolerance through the negative instrument of simplified schematic presentations are doing the students no good. They learn the wrong facts; they fall easy prey to undemocratic intolerance and personal perplexity; they forget that every creature has its own proper offerings to God.

Education should also stress factualizing and humanizing of events. Scientists must see themselves as they are. They are just men and women driven by the same temptations, susceptible to the same prejudices, and committing the same errors as the citizens of the pre-science centuries and the laymen of modern times. The annals of science need not be censored and warped to picture scientists as steely paragons of rational virtues. It is not degrading to admit that Copernicus did not have enough data on which to draw valid conclusions, that Kepler relied on the horoscope, that Bacon was frequently mean, that Faraday worked on false theories, that Darwin made lots of mistakes, that Newton was peevish and engaged in petty maneuvers to detract credit from Hooke and Leibniz, that Dickens and Balzac wrote for money or that Sir Robert Walpole and Daniel Webster dealt occasionally in blatant venalities. To recognize these frailties is merely to understand that beneath the scientific and artistic personalities lies the same human protoplasm. Their behavior in private life is not the aspect of their personality which acts on our scientific knowledge through their works. Neither is the perfection of their professional efforts any index of the excellence of their human selves. . . .

In addition to thinking, the student should be provided with the education of feeling. He should not be led into the abject slavery of formal logic and rationality. He should be untethered from the restrictions of verbal and written symbols. He should learn to transcend language, sharing the . . . wordless communion with nature . . . typified by the following story of a Buddhist Master lecturing to his monks: Just before the sermon began, a bird started singing on a bough outside the monastery walls. The Master kept quiet and everyone listened to the song in attentive silence. As soon as the bird finished, the Master announced that the sermon was completed and departed.

—R. G. H. Siu *in "The Tao of Science"* *(John Wiley and Sons, $5).*

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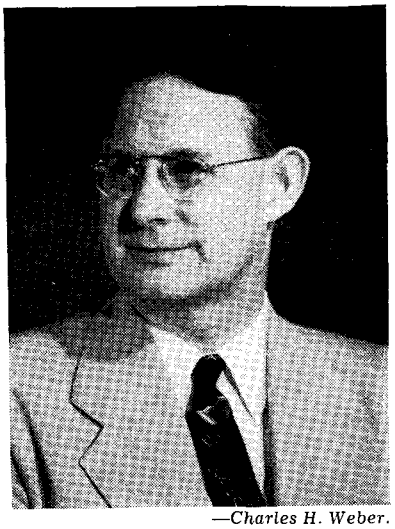
PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XX

BIOLOGIST IN SOCIETY'S LABORATORY

Dr. H. Bentley Glass Is a Social Force in the World Around Him



—Charles H. Weber.

IT IS not sufficiently appreciated that (if Washington is placed in its true category of a federal enclave) Baltimore was the first big city of the South to bring its white and Negro schoolchildren into the same classrooms. When most people talk of pioneers in interracial good behavior, the place they usually mention is Louisville, Ky. Without detracting one iota from Louisville's honestly won reputation, it is only just to note that Louisville owes a debt to Baltimore's example. The Baltimore school board acted only a few months after the Supreme Court of the United States in 1954 decided that "separate but equal" schooling was unconstitutional. Outside agitators came into the city and tried to stir trouble; they were promptly and effectively squelched. The school board members, the superintendent of the schools, the city police and Baltimore's mayor acted in concert to uphold the law.

Responsibility for this calm enforcement of a democratic tenet could not rightly be focused on any one person. But not the least of the influences at work was the scientific objectivity behind the social consciousness of a student of evolution who was sitting on the school board.

"Differences in intelligence between races of men do exist." Dr. H. Bentley Glass said it quietly to his fellows on the board. "But differences in opportunity also exist, and until opportunity is equalized no one can say what is inherent by natural law."

In a school population whose 160,000 pupils are 60 per cent white and 40 per cent Negro, such a reasonable statement was bound to cool hotheads in both races. Everyone in Baltimore knew, from the "Science Commentaries" he wrote in *The Evening Sun* that biologist Glass had examined the question in depth. They knew that he had studied the genetic mixing of Negroes and whites in America and had discovered that the Negroes had lost a third of the fundamental building blocks of their racial inheritance. They knew that he had analyzed segregationist thinking in relation to other cultural attitudes and had found that in Maryland at least opponents of school integration were equally opposed to the teaching of evolution.

Religious fundamentalists who might have argued the issue on Biblical grounds were less certain of their case because schoolboardman Glass had taught a class in the Gregory Memorial Baptist Sunday School for nineteen years.

Is all this a way of saying by indirection that Glass really was the decisive force in Baltimore's peaceful integration? It is not. Glass adamantly refuses to discuss the matter in any context that attempts to apportion credit. He says only that he "is proud" that his very first vote as a member of the school board was for compliance with the historic Court decision.

If he lacked this sense of proportion between himself and the social forces that swirl around him, Bentley Glass could never take part in the controversies he encounters and still be not only head of the American Institute of Biological Sciences but president-elect of the American Association of University Professors. Consider what the man has done:

He has helped raise funds to defend Owen Lattimore.

He has fought against passage of the Ober Law, basis of Maryland's loyalty oath.

He has served as president of the Maryland branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, which more often than not is called upon to defend Negroes picked up by the police.

He has taken the lead in drafting the courageous report of the AAUP which censures schools that knuckle under to political pressure for limitation of academic freedom.

I know few others who would have dared to thunder at their colleagues, as Glass did at his in the AIBS:

"I would feel no confidence in asking the profession of biology to take over the regulation of our government and our society. There are so few biologists who have gained anything like the required experience by entering into such public affairs as face citizens every day."

Glass senses a growing gap between the man-in-the-street and the man-in-the-laboratory. Biologists especially are confronted with the "revolutionary and potentially devastating" consequences of their own science.

Electrophoresis offers the chance of electrically separating Y chromosome-carrying sperm from X chromosome-carrying sperm. Who shall have the final say in selecting a boy or a girl—the parents or the state?

Chemicals now can take the place of fathers and incubators can substitute for mothers. How will this affect the relations between man and wife, parents and children?

The ivory tower is no refuge, and Glass long ago clambered down from it. He is active in the American Association for Advancement of Science, the American Society of Human Genetics, and the History of Science Society—to name only those professional groups in which he has held high office. He chairs a discussion-stage group that is trying to get for Baltimore a science museum. Although undergraduate teaching is rather less than fashionable these days, he enjoys it (he presided over general biology at Stephens and Goucher before going to Johns Hopkins in 1947). And he is always accessible to science writers in Baltimore and Washington. Yet he still finds time, with his wife Suzanne (they have a married daughter and a son in college) to support the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

"Yes," he says, "I suppose I am diffusing my energies. I may as a consequence know less about drosophila (fruit flies) than I should, but rather more, I hope, about life. I consider my activities different means to the same goal—educating laymen in the questing spirit of science and reminding science of its social responsibility. I guess I am an old-fashioned liberal. And you can take that back to my childhood."

Born in China fifty-one years ago, son of a Baptist missionary, Glass grew up under the influence of parents "devoted to the welfare of people who were not white." He thinks it only natural "to continue their example."

—Edwin Diamond.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—American Cancer Society.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *At a moment in history when the survival of democracy can almost be said to hang on long-range planning of fundamental research, it is no less inspiring than ironic that the greatest impetus in the imperative direction should come directly from the people rather than from their government. While millions of tax dollars are going into science, all but a few of them to pay for technology, the American Cancer Society in this one year 1957 is investing half a million of the dollars voluntarily contributed to it into grants that will support individual scientists in their chosen lines of research throughout their lives. The decision to act was announced this week at the 44th annual meeting of the Society's governing board. It signaled an acknowledgment that present treatment and possible ultimate cure of cancer have, like the problems of many other areas of science, reached a place where major advances must wait on new explorations of nature's mysteries. Cancer is growth gone wild, and growth is endless metabolism. Some idea of the intricacies of metabolism can be gleaned from previews written exclusively for these pages by the first two life-*

SEYMOUR S. COHEN
(University of Pennsylvania)

FOR the past twelve years my laboratory has attempted to discover how certain viruses which infect bacteria and multiply in them change the synthetic processes of these bacterial cells. Many other laboratories have been studying problems related to the multiplication of bacterial viruses, and have made important contributions to these questions. We first discovered that infection of the host cell with a virus produces a marked change in the synthesis of certain polymers (very large molecules), stimulating particularly the synthesis of the kind of substance which controls inheritance, deoxyribose nucleic acid or DNA. The information controlling viral inheritance is coded within the polymeric structure of a special viral DNA whose chemical composition and organization we have been examining. We have found that the DNA of the viruses we are studying contains certain unique structures which are not present in the nucleic acids of the cells they infect. These unusual components of this important polymer confer stability and specificity on viral DNA, properties which permit the survival and winning out of this nucleic acid inside the bacterial cell under conditions in which the host or bacterial DNA is destroyed. In addition, the formation of one of these unique viral constituents involves changing the structure of a compound required for the synthesis of normal host DNA. The deprivation of this normal constituent blocks normal bacterial DNA synthesis and normal cell development. Transformation of the normal substance to a viral constituent establishes the preconditions for making a viral DNA. We have found that the metabolic catalyst, or enzyme, essential to this critical transformation is not readily detectable in normal bacteria, but is very active in virus-infected bacteria.

Where does this enzyme come from? Is it previously hidden and merely uncovered during infection of the bacterial cell with virus? Or is it made after infection? How do infection of a bacterium and the insertion of viral DNA into a cell cause the appearance of this new activity? These questions are relevant, not only to the special problem of the multiplication and parasitism of these viruses, but also to the general problem of how any DNA which effects an inheritable change produces its physiological result. In other words, this problem is a part of the general problem of the mechanism of inheritance. Since we are dealing with unique DNA and unique metabolic changes within the host bacterium involving chemical structures and relations which are readily recognizable, we have an excellent system for the exploration of these questions.

The insertion of viral DNA from a virus particle into infected bacteria produces many chemical consequences at the level of polymer synthesis. The chemical mechanisms of protein and nucleic acid synthesis in general are only beginning to be unraveled, although they are central to many critical problems of biology, questions such as those of the mechanisms of reproduction and inheritance, embryonic development, antibody production, etc. . . . It is important to learn more about these synthetic mechanisms and of their interactions, and here again with the unique viral compounds involved in our bacterial virus system we are provided with an excellent set of labels for following the products of synthesis in infected cells.

How does the insertion of viral DNA direct the synthesis of specific viral proteins as well as of viral nucleic acids? The answer to these questions must be developed in terms of the chemical molecules participating at every level of these critical reactions. At the present time, we know very little more than that DNA enters the bacterial cells, that very large molecules of protein and nucleic acid first appear and then accumulate at certain times after infection, and that these polymers are assembled eventually into virus particles. We wish to reach into the murky infected cell and learn the nature of the intermediates which are on the way to forming the large viral polymers. If we can develop a time scale for these smaller intermediates, we may get some insight into the causal relations and mechanisms of polymer synthesis and eventually we may learn how to control them.

We hope that insight into the control of these reactions of polymer synthesis will lead to the man-made control of these reactions in general, as well as of reactions which are critical to the understanding of a wide variety of pathological phenomena . . . such as infectious disease, the malignancy of tumors, inborn metabolic error and genetic defects. The ability to control the synthesis of cellular polymers will permit the control not only of inanimate nature but also of living substance; at the present time, we are entering a stage in the development of biochemistry which augurs the era of cellular engineering.

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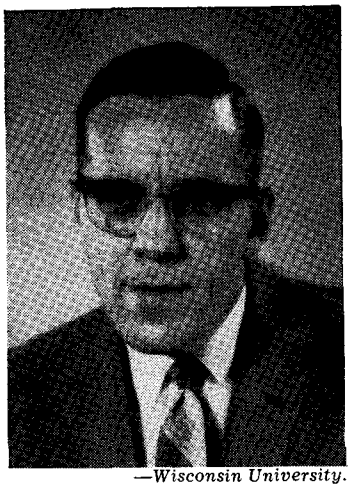
The Lengthening Approach to Cancer

time cancer grant recipients, Dr. James M. Price, Associate Professor of Surgery at the University of Wisconsin, and Dr. Seymour S. Cohen, Professor of Biochemistry in Pediatrics at the University of Pennsylvania. The concept under which these men will work is not entirely new with the American Cancer Society. A sister supporter of public health through public giving, the American Heart Association, inaugurated Career Investigatorships in 1951 and has paid the laboratory expenses and personal salary of three heart researchers from year to year since then. The lifetime cancer grants will broaden this operating principle to include what amounts to an endowment. The money will establish a new position for an individual scientist on the faculty of the university where he has made his mark in cancer research. The capital fund for each man will approximate $250,000, enough to guarantee salary from age 31 through 65 years, with regular increments in the first three years and a 17-year plateau at $15,000 annually. The continuity will free proven researchers from the pressure of looking for a problem that will yield quick results, and enable them to shift their work to follow the paths of new discovery.



—Wisconsin University.

JAMES M. PRICE
(University of Wisconsin)

THE discovery of the causative agent in disease has often been of great value in the development of therapeutic or preventive measures to cope with the disease. Unfortunately the cause (or causes) of human cancer remain unknown. However, cancer has been induced in laboratory animals by a variety of agents, including viruses, X-rays and certain chemicals. At present there are a number of reasons to suspect that chemicals may play a role of causal significance in human cancer. For example, there are many mixtures of chemicals such as certain soots, oils and tars which appear to produce cancer of the skin in some human subjects after many years of heavy contact. Air pollution has been suggested as one of the factors in the development of lung cancer. Among the several hundred specific chemicals which have been demonstrated to cause cancer in laboratory animals, 2-napthylamine and benzidine appear to be causal factors for cancer of the urinary bladder in human individuals who have been heavily exposed to these chemicals for many years. In terms of cancer percentages, the effects of these aromatic amines is very low. Nevertheless, if these chemicals cause cancer in a few human subjects, similar chemicals may cause other cases of bladder cancer. The cells of the bladder wall are constantly in contact with a large variety of chemicals formed as by-products of food digestion or metabolism and excreted in the urine. Thus it seemed reasonable to search for aromatic amines and related chemicals in the urine of bladder cancer patients.

In the past twenty-five years several aromatic amines have been detected in the urine of various animals. Many of these amines have been shown to arise in the metabolism or chemical transformations of one of the constituents of protein, an amino acid called tryptophan. The average daily intake of tryptophan in the American diet has been estimated to be about 1/30 of an ounce, and it is an essential nutritive substance. In addition to its use as a building block for body protein many animals convert tryptophan into the pellagra-preventing vitamin called niacin. During the formation of niacin from tryptophan several aromatic amines are produced as intermediary products, most of which have been detected in mammalian urine. It was decided, therefore, to attempt to learn whether these tryptophan metabolites might be excreted in abnormal amounts by bladder cancer patients.

After the analytical methods were developed it was found that about half of the patients with cancer of the bladder excreted larger quantities of some of these tryptophan metabolites than did people with no known disease. However, some patients with other types of cancer also excreted abnormally large amounts of some of the same metabolic products of tryptophan. It was obvious that it would be necessary to study the metabolism of tryptophan in patients with a variety of diseases in order to determine the possible significance of the abnormal metabolism found in some of the patients with cancer. The tryptophan metabolism of pregnant women was studied because the unborn baby represents a process of rapid growth which has often been compared in this respect with a growing cancer. Almost all pregnant women were found to have a type of tryptophan metabolism which differed from that seen in non-pregnant women but the deviation was very different from that seen in the cancer patients. It was found that patients with a disease known as scleroderma had still another type of abnormality of tryptophan metabolism. Two drugs which have been used in the treatment of tuberculosis each produced distinct forms of abnormal metabolism. One patient with a rare type of anemia had another variety of abnormal tryptophan metabolism. On the other hand, patients with diabetes, psoriasis, moderately advanced tuberculosis, or a variety of other ailments failed to show any evidence of abnormal tryptophan metabolism.

The observation that there are several distinct types of abnormal tryptophan metabolism is doubtless a reflection of the fact that there are many known (and probably many unknown) factors which regulate the chemical transformations of this nutrient in the body. A disturbance in one or in various combinations of these regulating mechanisms may be responsible for the occurrence of specific types of alteration in metabolism.

It is impossible to predict where studies concerning the metabolism of tryptophan in disease states will lead. Several new breakdown products of this amino acid have been discovered in recent years and the functions of many of these products remain unknown. There is evidence to suggest that some of the products of tryptophan metabolism may have some significance in relation to mental illness, diabetes, certain types of anemias, as well as cancer. The continued efforts of many investigators will be needed to answer the questions which can be asked today, to say nothing of the questions yet to be raised.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1232

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. German mfg. town in Brunswick, scene of famous poem and legend.	56 141 43 145 67 1 151
B. African secret society for males in S Nigeria, partly religious, partly lawenforcing.	51 104 148 162
C. Reasonably recent.	126 153 47 133 107 130
D. The kneepan.	39 42 159 105 68 73
E. Constructed with the elegance of a pleasure boat (comp.).	112 88 161 114 101 144 32 52 157 124
F. Guidance of a mount through maneuvers without perceptible use of voice or reins.	8 14 5 100 134 131 72 83
G. Therapeutic application of sand to the body.	115 119 76 60 155 129 160 2 79
H. A kind of megaphone used in churches, 18th and early 19th cents.	168 17 27 154 48 95 172 132
I. Brutal.	59 63 6 163 41 40 3 35
J. Earliest English potter of note (17th cent.).	98 16 81 20 30 116
K. Worthless stuff.	22 96 54 29 87
L. Main thoroughfare.	166 99 61 135 53 69 149

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Distinguishing the toad whose male incubates the babies.	25 111 123 46 143 89 36 102 4 150 50
N. Mrs. Ivanhoe.	74 136 170 146 103 12
O. Eye-fold.	169 24 66 120 64 45 86 140 137 93
P. Mozart's middle name.	78 122 9 139 58 23 55
Q. Stubborn.	156 173 28 118 97 33 80 90 77 70
R. Biblical sweet which fed a holy man in the wilderness (2 wds.).	91 62 84 34 108 15 147 128 152
S. Beaumarchais' nobleman typifying the graces and vices of the ancienne noblesse.	125 164 94 92 142 19 65 7
T. Dau. of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, usually identified as Electra.	18 167 171 110 49 127 71
U. Person incompetent and clumsy at games.	165 121 37 82 109 13
V. The rudest ancient stone implements.	44 31 138 106 85 21 10
W. A limb adapted for swimming.	26 158 117 113 38 11 57 75

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Blank squares indicate ends of words; if there is no blank square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 A		2 G	3 I	4 M	5 F		6 I	7 S	8 F		9 P		10 V				
11 W	12 N	13 U	14 F	15 R	16 J		17 H	18 T	19 S	20 J	21 V	22 K		23 P	24 O	25 M				
26 W		27 H	28 Q		29 K	30 J	31 V	32 E	33 Q	34 R	35 I	36 M		37 U	38 W	39 D				
	40 I		41 I	42 D	43 A	44 V	45 O	46 M		47 C	48 H	49 T	50 M	51 B		52 E				
	53 L	54 K	55 P		56 A	57 W	58 P	59 I	60 G	61 L		62 R	63 I		64 O					
65 S	66 O	67 A	68 D	69 L	70 Q	71 T		72 F	73 D	74 N	75 W	76 G	77 Q		78 P	79 G				
80 Q		81 J		82 U	83 F	84 R	85 V		86 O	87 K	88 E	89 M		90 Q		91 R				
92 S	93 O		94 S	95 H	96 K	97 Q		98 J	99 L	100 F	101 E	102 M	103 N	104 B	105 D	106 V				
107 C	108 R	109 U	110 T		111 M	112 E		113 W	114 E	115 G	116 J		117 W	118 Q	119 G	120 O				
121 U	122 P	123 M	124 E	125 S	126 C	127 T	128 R		129 G	130 C	131 F	132 H		133 C		134 F				
135 L	136 N	137 O	138 V	139 P		140 O	141 A	142 S	143 M		144 E	145 A	146 N	147 R		148 B				
149 L		150 M	151 A	152 R		153 C	154 H	155 G	156 Q	157 E	158 W	159 D		160 G		161 E				
162 B	163 I	164 S	165 U		166 L	167 T	168 H	169 O		170 N	171 T	172 H	173 Q							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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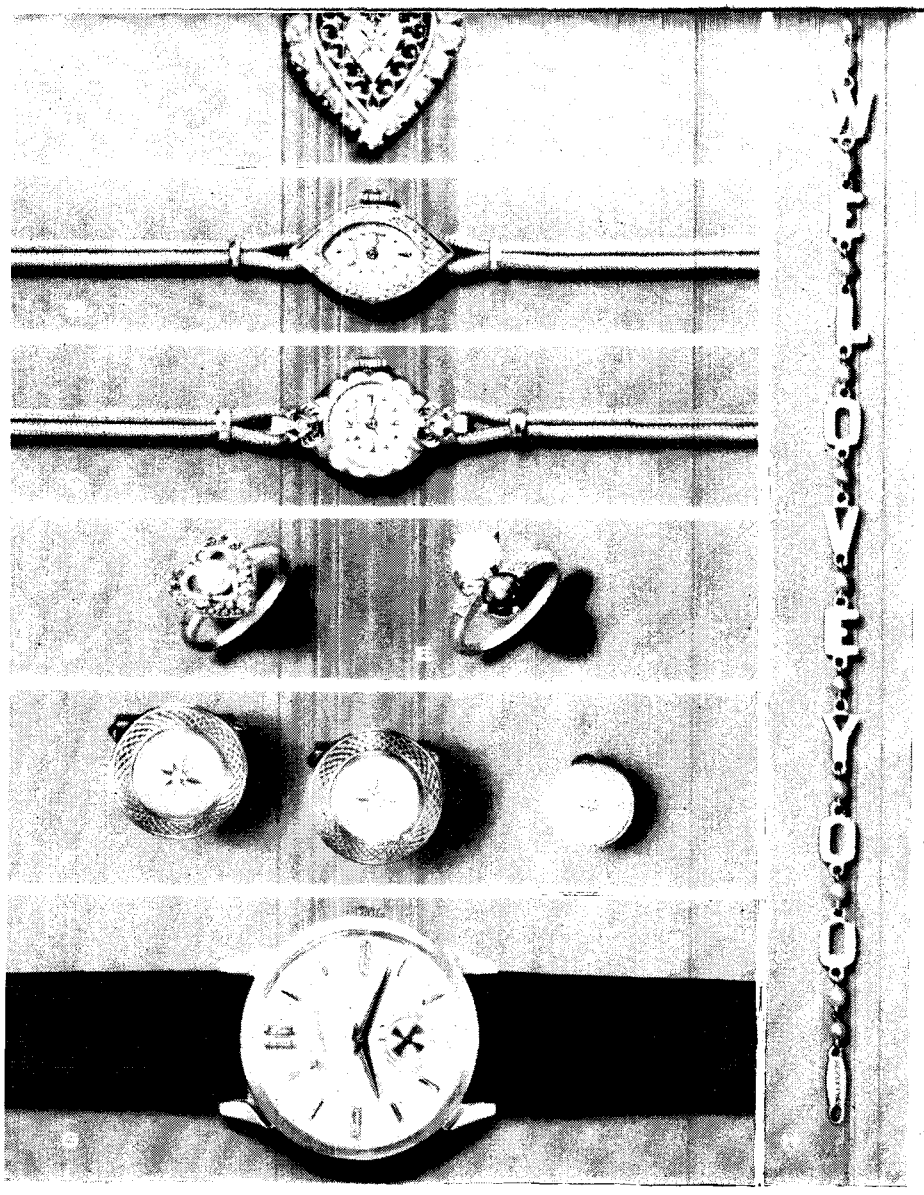

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C. Interesting palladium watch set with diamonds; fine Lucien Piccard movement. $90.

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Arithmetic, Numbers and the Art of Counting. Archimedes: *Poppy Seeds and the Universe;* Ball: *Calculating Prodigies;* Newton: *The Binomial Theorem;* Dedekind: *Irrational Numbers;* 5 others.

Mathematics of Space and Motion. Clifford: *The Science of Space, The Space Theory of Matter;* Euler: *The Seven Bridges of Konigsberg, A Famous Problem;* Kline: *Projective Geometry;* Weyl: *Symmetry* (excerpt); Selections by Panofsky, and 6 others.

Mathematics and the Physical World. Galileo: *Mathematics of Motion;* Mosley: *Atomic Numbers;* Boys: *The Soap Bubble;* Mendel: *Mathematics of Heredity;* Durrell: *Theory of Relativity;* plus selections by Schrödinger, 16 others.

Mathematics and the Social Sciences. Malthus: *Mathematics of Wealth;* Richardson: *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels;* Hurwicz: *On the Theory of Games;* 7 others.

The Laws of Chance. De La Place: *Concerning Probability;* Peirce: *The Red and The Black;* Nagel: *The Meaning of Probability;* Poincaré: *Chance;* plus 3 other selections.

Statistics and the Design of Experiments. Bernoulli: *The Law of Large Numbers;* Tippett: *Sampling and Standard Error;* Moroney: *On the Average and Scatter;* selections by G. B. Shaw, John Graunt, Edmund Halley, Ronald A. Fisher.

Various Clever Machines. John Von Neumann: *Automata;* A. M. Turing: *Can a Machine Think?;* Claude Shannon: *A Chess-Playing Machine.*

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Mathematical Truth; the Structure of Mathematics. Hempel: *On the Nature of Mathematical Truth;* Wilder: *The Axiomatic Method;* 5 others.

The Mathematical Way of Thinking. Peirce: *The Essence of Mathematics;* Mach: *The Economy of Science;* Campbell: *Measurement;* selections by Sylvester and Weyl.

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The Unreasonableness of Mathematics. Edward Kasner and James R. Newman: *Paradox Lost, Paradox Regained;* Hahn: *Crisis in Intuition.*

Becoming One's Own Mathematician. Polya: *How to Solve It,* (excerpt).

The Vocabulary of Mathematics. Kasner and Newman: *New Names for Old.*

Mathematics As An Art. John W. N. Sullivan: *Mathematics as an Art.*

The Mathematician Explains Himself. Hardy: *A Mathematician's Apology;* Poincaré: *Mathematical Creation; How Ideas Are Born;* Von Neumann: *The Mathematician.*

A Mathematical Theory of Art. Birkhoff: *The Mathematics of Aesthetics.*

Mathematics in Literature. Swift: *Cycloid Pudding;* Huxley: *Young Archimedes;* Russell Maloney, Robert M. Coates, Sylvia T. Warner.

The Supreme Art of Abstraction: Group Theory. Keyser: *The Group Concept;* Eddington: *Theory of Groups.*

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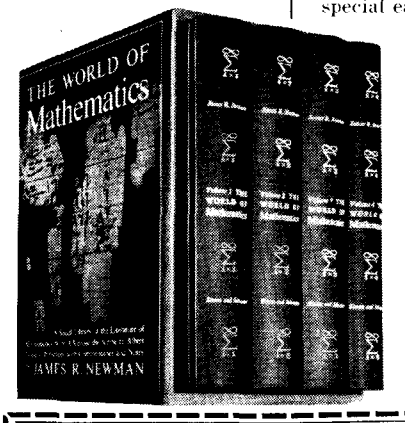

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